



ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

# GUIDE BOOK

TO THE

## Intercolonial Railway.

### SKETCHES OF SCENERY

AND A GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE

PRINCIPAL POINTS OF INTEREST

ALONG THE ROUTE.

Montreal :

1877.

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## PREFACE.

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The Intercolonial Railway, which was opened for public traffic on the 3rd July, 1876, passes through a country but little known. This Guide Book has, accordingly, been written for the purpose of pointing out the particulars of the varied scenery along the line—the great variety of fishing, from the noble salmon weighing 40 lbs. or more, to the speckled trout—and the new places where cool breezes and sea-bathing may be found in the hot and sultry months of summer.

The railway has been built by the Government of Canada. All of the materials used in its construction are of the best description. It is laid throughout with Bessemer steel rails,



imported from England, and manufactured under a system of rigid inspection. The bridges are all of the most solid description that masonry and iron can produce. The iron work of the bridges was supplied by some of the best and most renowned makers in England and the United States, and the masonry is the best and most substantial that has ever been constructed on this Continent. The ballasting of the line has been completed in a manner never before attempted on this side of the Atlantic; and in every respect the railway is completed in the most substantial and durable manner that money could provide or engineering skill suggest.

The rolling stock has been provided in the same liberal spirit. The engines are all of the newest and most powerful make, and supplied by the most experienced and skilful manufacturers. The passenger carriages have

nearly all been built in the Government works at Moncton, and, whilst constructed with all the latest improvements, have had especially in view strength and durability.

All passenger trains are fully equipped with Miller platforms and the most approved description of air brakes. In short, both rolling stock and road have been constructed in the best possible manner.

Pullman's celebrated Palace Cars run upon all Express Trains.

The following pages will give the public some idea of the beautiful and varied scenery through which the Railway runs, and the many interesting historic spots it reaches, commencing with Quebec, (the ancient Capital of Canada) on the St. Lawrence, and ending at Halifax, on the Atlantic Ocean. At the latter place an Imperial garrison is stationed; and there, too, the great Dockyard

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for the British Navy, on this side of the Atlantic, is situated.

On the next page a Table of Distances is given, commencing at Montreal, and enumerating all the Stations on the new line of Railway.



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\* Steamers from here to Summerside, on Prince Edward Island.

† Steamers from here to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.



Y.

	STATE	STATION.		DISTANCE STATION TO STATION.
RIVIERE-DU-LOUP TO CAMPBELLTON	0	RIVINGTON....	TRURO TO HALIFAX	0..... TRURO... ..
		phreys....		4..... Johnston.....
	6	C JUNC.		4..... Brookfield ....
	3	ter Road..		5..... Polly Bog ....
	8	diac.....		4..... Stewiacke ....
		u Chene .		5... Shubenacadie...
	10			4..... Milford .....
		v Brook ..		5..... Elmsdale .....
	9	uncook...		2..... Enfield.....
	10	hester ...		3..... Oakfield .....
		xville.....		2... Grand Lake ...
	9	lac .....		2..... Wellington. ..
	11	ERST..		8... Windsor June...
	10	opan... ..	TRURO TO PICTOU.	2... Rocky Lake...
	8	ecan.....		3..... Bedford .....
	9	hol .....		4.. Four Mile House..
		g Hill..		4.... HALIFAX....
	10	prings ...		0..... TRURO.....
	10	Philip ...		4..... Valley ... ..
	7	ord.....		5..... Union .....
	8	nson.....		4.... Riversdale....
		iville ....		8.... West River....
	13	worth....		7.... Glengarry ....
	15	Lake....		7.... Hopewell.....
		nderry...		5.... Stellarton.....
	10	bert.....		3... New Glasgow...
	10	onish.....		8.. Pictou Landing..
	13	URO.....		1..... PICTOU.....

# NAMES OF STATION

DISTANCE STATION TO STATION.			DISTANCE STATION TO STATION.		
RIVIERE-DU-LOUP TO CAMPBELLTON	0	RIVIERE-DU-LOUP	CAMPBELLTON TO MONCTON.	0	CAMPBELLTON.
	6	..... Cacouna .....		9	..... Dalhousie .....
	3	.....St. Arsene.....		10	.....Charlo .....
	8	.....Isle Verte.....		6	..... New Mills .....
	10	..... Trois Pistoles.....		9	.....Jacquet River...
	9	.....St. Simon.....		9	..... Belledune .....
	10	.....St. Fabien.....		8	... Petite Roche...
	9	..... Bic .....		12	..... Bathurst .....
	11	.....Rimouski.....		13	.....Red Pine.....
	10	.....St. Luce .....		10	.....Bartibogue.....
	8	.....ST. FLAVIE...		11	...Beaver Brook...
	9	..... St. Octave .....		10	.. MIRAMICHI ..
	10	.....Tartague .....		6	.. Chatham Junc ..
	10	..... Sayabec .....		4	.. Barnaby River ..
	7	.....Cedar Hall.....		11	..... Forest.....
	8	..... Amqui.....		9	..... Ferris.....
	13	.....Casaupscal.....		11	..... Weldford .....
	15	.. Assametquaghan ..		9	... Coal Branch ..
10	.....Mill Stream.....	9	..... Canaan.....		
10	.....Metapediac... ..	11	..Berry's Mills....		
13	.. CAMPBELLTON..	8	..... MONCTON....		



STATIONS ON THE RAILWAY.

ON.		DISTANCE		DISTANCE		DISTANCE
		STATION TO STATION.		STATION TO STATION.		STATION TO STATION.
MONCTON TO SAINT JOHN.		0 .... MONCTON....	MONCTON TO POINT DU CHENE AND TRURO.	0 .... MONCTON....	TRURO TO HALIFAX	0 ..... TRURO.....
		10 .. Boundary Creek ..		2 .... Humphreys....		4 ..... Johnston.....
		3 .... Salisbury ....		6 PAINSEC JUNC.		4 .... Brookfield ....
		5 . . Pollet River ...		5 ..Dorchester Road..		5 .... Polly Bog ....
		5 .... Petitcodiac....		4 ..... Shediac.....		4 .... Stewiacke ....
		6 .... Anagance ....		2 .. Point du Chene .		5 ... Shubenacadie...
		9 .... Penobsquis....		5 .Meadow Brook ..		4 ..... Milford .....
		4 ... Plumweseep. .		7 ... Memramcook...		5 ..... Elmsdale .....
		3 ..... Sussex .....		8 .... Dorchester ...		2 ..... Enfield.....
		5 .... Apohaqui ....		12 ..... Sackville....		3 .... Oakfield .....
		6 ..... Norton .....		3 ..... Aulac .....		2 ... Grand Lake ...
		6 .... Bloomfield....		6 .... AMHERST..		2 .... Wellington. .
		1 .... Passekeag ....		5 ..... Nappan... .		8 ...Windsor Junc...
		4 .... Hampton .....		3 ..... Maccan.....		2 ... Rocky Lake...
		5 .. Nauwigewauk ..		4 ..... Athol .....		3 ..... Bedford.....
		5 .... Quispamsis....		5 .... Spring Hill.. .		4 ..Four Mile House..
		3 .... Rothesay .....		7 ... Salt Springs ...		4 .... HALIFAX....
		2 .... Riverside .....		4 ... River Philip...	TRURO TO PICTOU.	0 .....TRURO.....
		1 .... Torryburn .....		3 .... Oxford.....		4 ..... Valley .....
		2 .... Brookville .....		4 .... Thomson.....		5 ..... Union.....
		1 .... Moosepath....		7 .... Greenville ...		4 .... Riversdale....
		3 .. SAINT JOHN..		6 .... Wentworth ...		8 .... West River....
				4 .... Folly Lake....		7 .... Glengarry .....
				8 .. Londonderry...		7 .... Hopewell.....
				5 ..... Debert .....		5 .... Stellarton.....
				4 .... Ishgonish....		3 ... New Glasgow...
				8 ..... TRURO.....		8 ..Pictou Landing..
						1 ..... PICTOU.....





# GUIDE BOOK

TO THE

## Intercolonial Railway.

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### CHAPTER I.

CONFEDERATION.—THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY ONE OF THE TERMS OF UNION.

Some years ago, partly on account of the policy of Great Britain, and partly owing to political combinations in this country, it was deemed advisable to bring about a union of the whole of the British North American Colonies, so as to form a power in North America, self-sustaining, British in sentiment, and governed by rules derived from the British Constitution. In the American Colonies, national aspirations were rapidly developing themselves, and these, no doubt, strengthened the political causes which were at work, and so helped to bring about that union under which British North America now exists.

In order to unite these Provinces, of which the

Maritime group was otherwise disjointed from the rest, a railroad, which would serve as a material bond between them, and give to all access to the ocean, during the winter, upon exclusively Canadian territory, was deemed an essential part of the political scheme. A survey of such a road, intended to extend from St. Andrews, N.B., to Quebec, had been, many years before, undertaken under the superintendence of Major Yule, of the Royal Engineers, and although the enterprise was originated and expected to be carried out by a Joint Stock Company, for commercial purposes principally, it received the approbation of the British Government, and appeared to promise a successful issue. The dispute about the Maine and New Brunswick boundary, however, in 1839 and 1840, interrupted the progress of the plan. The United States Government claimed the territory through which the contemplated railroad was to pass, and eventually obtained the concession of a large part of it; but the idea of forming a railway connection, between New Brunswick and Canada, was not abandoned.

The British Government had for some time entertained an idea of the necessity of constructing a military road from Halifax to Quebec. Lord Durham urged upon that Government the substitution of a railroad in place of an ordinary military road, but for some reason his proposition was not acted upon. For some years nothing was done in the matter, but in 1845

the question was revived, the Governor of Nova Scotia having in that year applied to the British Government for the nomination of a competent Board of Military Engineers to conduct a survey at the expense either of the Imperial or Colonial Governments. To this application the Imperial Government gave a favorable reply, but refused to grant pecuniary assistance. The Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canadian Governments, however, accepted the services of the Engineers appointed, and a survey of a line from Halifax to Quebec, through the northern part of New Brunswick, was commenced in 1846, under the direction of Major Robinson, R.E., and finished in 1848. Three years after its completion, chiefly through the exertions of the Hon. Joseph Howe, the British Government was induced to modify their former policy, and to offer an Imperial guarantee of the cost of building the road. But new difficulties arose, and the matter remained in abeyance. It was revived in 1852, when Messrs. Hincks, Young and Taché, once more called the attention of the Maritime Provinces to the subject. Their proposition was favorably received in New Brunswick, and the Governments of that Province and of Canada agreed to build a road through the St. John Valley, but, eventually, the Imperial Government refused the guarantee to the new route, which was reluctantly abandoned.

From that time to 1860, negotiations were renewed

from time to time, with a view to conjoint action on the part of the three Provinces; and in 1862-3 the scheme assumed, for a time, a more favorable aspect; then, however, came up the project of a political union, hastened by a crisis in the Canadian Legislature.

In 1864, and after many tentative movements, delegates from all the Provinces assembled at Quebec, and passed a series of resolutions, one of which reads as follows:—

“The General Government shall secure, without delay, the completion of the Intercolonial Railway from Rivière-du-Loup, through New Brunswick, to Truro, in Nova Scotia.”

This resolution was subsequently embodied in the Act of the British Parliament forming the present Dominion of Canada; and under the authority thus given, the road was commenced in 1869, and opened for traffic throughout on the 3rd July, 1876.

The Intercolonial Railway extends for 178 miles in the Province of Quebec, and crossing into New Brunswick at the confluence of the Metapedia and the Restigouche, runs through that Province a distance of  $241\frac{1}{2}$  miles. At the River Missiquash it passes into Nova Scotia, to terminate at Truro, a distance of eighty miles, joining at that place the line constructed previous to Confederation between Truro and Halifax. The greatest altitude reached by the line is in the Province of Quebec. This is at Lake

Malfat, 108 miles from Riviere-du-Loup, and 743 feet above the level of the sea. Nova Scotia ranks next to Quebec in point of altitude, a height of 610 feet above the sea being attained at Folly Lake, in the Cobequid Mountains, twenty-four miles west of Truro; while the highest elevation in New Brunswick, 514 feet, is at Bartibogue, about half way between Bathurst and Miramichi. At the River Restigouche, the boundary between Quebec and New Brunswick, and at the River Missiquash, the boundary of Nova Scotia, the road is but little above tide water; at the former less than forty feet; at the latter less than ten feet. The levels near the extreme ends of the line—Truro and Riviere-du-Loup—are not high, consequently the line is divided geographically into three main ridges, one in each Province. The ridges may be described as being 180, 240 and 80 miles broad, rising respectively to 743, 514 and 610 feet above the sea.

The line south of Moncton has been open since 1872, by which means railway connection between St. John and Halifax was attained. At the north, the distance from Riviere-du-Loup to St. Flavie, eighty-six miles, was opened in August, 1874. Between Campbelltown and Moncton, 185 miles, trains have been running since last winter. The remaining sections have since been completed, and in June last the first through train passed over the road.

The total length of the Intercolonial, from Riviere-

du-Loup to Halifax, is 561 miles. The St. John branch is eighty-nine miles long, the Pictou branch fifty-two, and the Shediac branch eleven miles, making a total of 713 miles.

The Intercolonial is, beyond a doubt, one of the best constructed and most thoroughly equipped roads on this continent, but the objection is made that it passes through some districts where climatic obstacles may sometimes seriously obstruct its operations. The possibility of such obstructions, however, has been taken into the fullest consideration, and provision has been made to prevent the road from being blocked up by snow, by the erection of fences in the most exposed places, and the construction of sheds over cuttings where the snow might be expected to cover up the track. From inquiries made among the people living at different points along the route as to the prospects of the road being kept open during the winter, the answer almost everywhere received was that there was little danger of traffic being interrupted to any serious extent. With this brief introduction we will now proceed to a description of the line and country through which it runs.



## CHAPTER II.

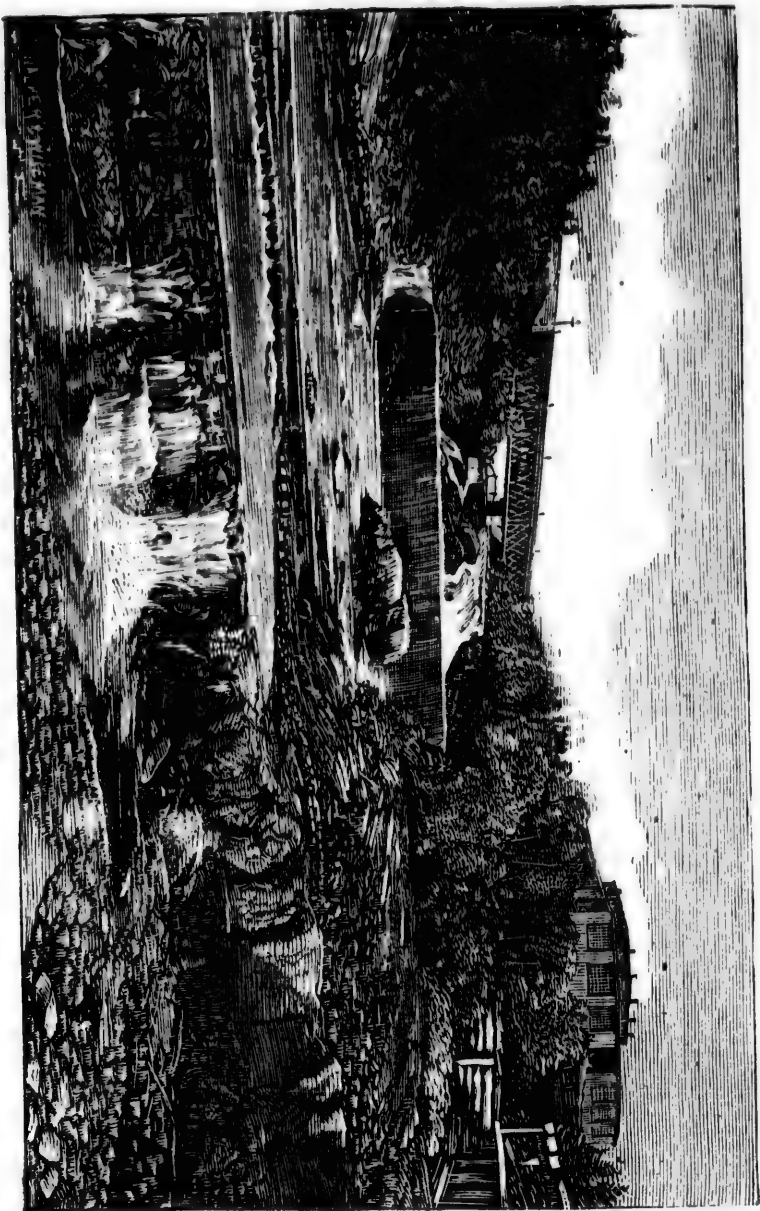
### RIVIERE-DU-LOUP TO STE. FLAVIE.

Riviere-du-Loup, pleasantly situated on the river of the same name, a short distance above the point where it enters the St. Lawrence, is the eastern terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the western terminus of the Intercolonial. From the station the traveller obtains a charming view of the surrounding country. The river in front, rushing impetuously over large boulders of rock, creating a wild din, like the sullen murmur of distant thunder; the neighboring ranges of hills clothed with trees and adorned with foliage; the mighty St. Lawrence in the distance, winding its course slowly but majestically seawards, bearing on its expansive bosom the shipping of different nations, which carry inwards foreign products to supply the wants of the Canadian people, and convey outwards the rich and varied productions of the Dominion; a range of mountains broken by deep ravines and narrow gorges, rising abruptly from its northern shore—all constitute a scene impressive in its grandeur and romantic in its general appearance.

The population of the village is only about 1,600, but during the summer and fall months it is visited



by large numbers of tourists and invalids, being a splendid watering place, with bathing, boating and fishing facilities in its immediate neighborhood. The people are generally in good circumstances, their easy access to market, by land and by sea, enabling them to dispose of their surplus productions with the greatest convenience. On the east side of the river, in the neighborhood of the station, the country is very rugged and wild; in some places are large precipices, almost perpendicular, but the tract of country extending to the east, being comparatively level and thickly wooded, it would be impossible for strangers coming towards the village to notice the dangers of the locality. A short distance below the station, and opposite the Railway workshops, the river is crossed by a handsome iron bridge of three spans, one hundred feet each. The masonry is of the most substantial character, and the iron work, in point of strength, durability and beauty of design, is acknowledged to be as near perfection as it is possible to attain. From the high land adjoining the bridge, a very fine view of the scenery of the river is obtained. In the immediate neighborhood of the bridge, on the north side, there are several small falls, and about half a mile further down, a cascade, where the water falls fully seventy feet, creating a savage roar which can be heard at a considerable distance. Riviere-du-Loup, or Frazerville, as it is sometimes called, is about thirty miles from Murray Bay, and about sixty from the



RIVIERE-DU-LOUP BRIDGE.

mouth of the far-famed Saguenay. There are two lines of steamers on the route between these points and Quebec, which call daily, during the summer, at Riviere-du-Loup, thus affording travellers an opportunity of seeing the romantic scenery along one of the most picturesque streams on the American continent, visited annually by thousands of tourists. On both sides of the Saguenay, about a mile apart, rise thin white cliffs, varying in perpendicular height from twelve hundred to sixteen hundred feet, and these cliffs run all the way from its source to its mouth, being only broken at two points,—Ste. Marguerite and between Capes Trinity and Eternity—through which smaller tributaries pour their contributions into the deep black waters of the main stream. On the cliffs, on the right bank, may be seen, here and there, clumps of stunted pine, but on the other side there is no appearance of life or verdure, and the huge limestone rocks protrude into the gloomy air, white and bleached. For awful savageness and sullen gloom, the Styx, famous in classic lore, could not have been more impressive, and the substitution by the Saguenay boatmen, of a *barque de vapeur*, belching forth flame and smoke for the frail skiff of the fabled ferryman of old, does not decrease the sombre grandeur of the scene. About six miles above the mouth of the Saguenay is situated Tadousac, which contains the remains of one of the oldest Catholic Churches on the continent. Here are to be found

a vast number of curiosities of mineral formation, while the fishing is excellent, and is now being much improved by the operation of the Government fish-breeding establishment in the vicinity. The drives are romantic, the scenery is bold, striking and rugged, while the people are of that genial class of the old-fashioned French-Canadian race, always in good humor, always ready to oblige, and, it must be confessed, not particularly given to making extravagant demands upon those who patronize them. Fruits of several classes are profuse, and those trailing flowers and shrubs, which are indigenous to a mountainous section, are plentiful, and upon the whole, obtainable in a comparatively easy manner. The water is brackish, the air salt, and the bathing good, the whole combining to make Tadousac a most health-giving summer residence. The Tadousac Hotel is amply provided with all necessary comfort, and is well conducted by Mr. Fennell, a gentleman favorably known in connection with the establishment. At Riviere-du-Loup there are several hotels, the principal being "La Rochelle's" and "Lemieux's," both of which are ably conducted by their respective managers. In the river there is excellent trout fishing, and occasionally some salmon are caught in it. The village is the terminus of the Madawaska road, which communicates with Edmonston, N.B., by the St. John Valley. It will also be the terminus of the N. B. and Riviere-du-Loup R. R., when completed.

Six miles from Riviere-du-Loup is Cacouna, the most fashionable watering place in the Dominion, and justly deserving the designation of the Saratoga of Canada. It is a beautiful village about two miles from the station, situated on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, within the seigniory of Le Pare, in the county of Temiscouata. Its healthy situation, attractive scenery, and fine shore, naturally adapted for bathing, make it a most desirable summer resort, while for transient visitors it has many attractions, chief among them being the excellent fishing in the neighborhood, and its easy access to the north shore of the St. Lawrence, where some of the most interesting scenes in the Province can be visited, particularly along the route of the Saguenay. The hotel accommodation is unrivalled in any town of the same size in Canada, the St. Lawrence Hall, capable of accommodating 500 guests, being a remarkably fine structure, situated in a commanding position in the centre of the village, and well suited for the requirements of tourists and health seekers. There are several other hotels in the place, and a number of handsome residences, erected by Quebec and Montreal gentlemen. The population is only about 600, but during the summer it swells up to 2,000, and some years to 3,000. In the village there are three churches,—Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and Episcopalian,—so that the religious wants of visitors are amply provided for. The steamers of the

St. Lawrence Navigation Company, which run between Quebec and the Saguenay, and Ha! Ha! Bay, call regularly at Cacouna. Mails are received daily, and for the accommodation of the large number of business men who make their homes here in the summer, two telegraph offices have been opened, one at the Post Office, and the other at the St. Lawrence Hall. In the neighboring lakes and streams trout abound, and a large number of wild ducks frequent the locality in the fall months. At the close of the season races are held, in which horses from Montreal, Quebec and occasionally from the United States, take part.

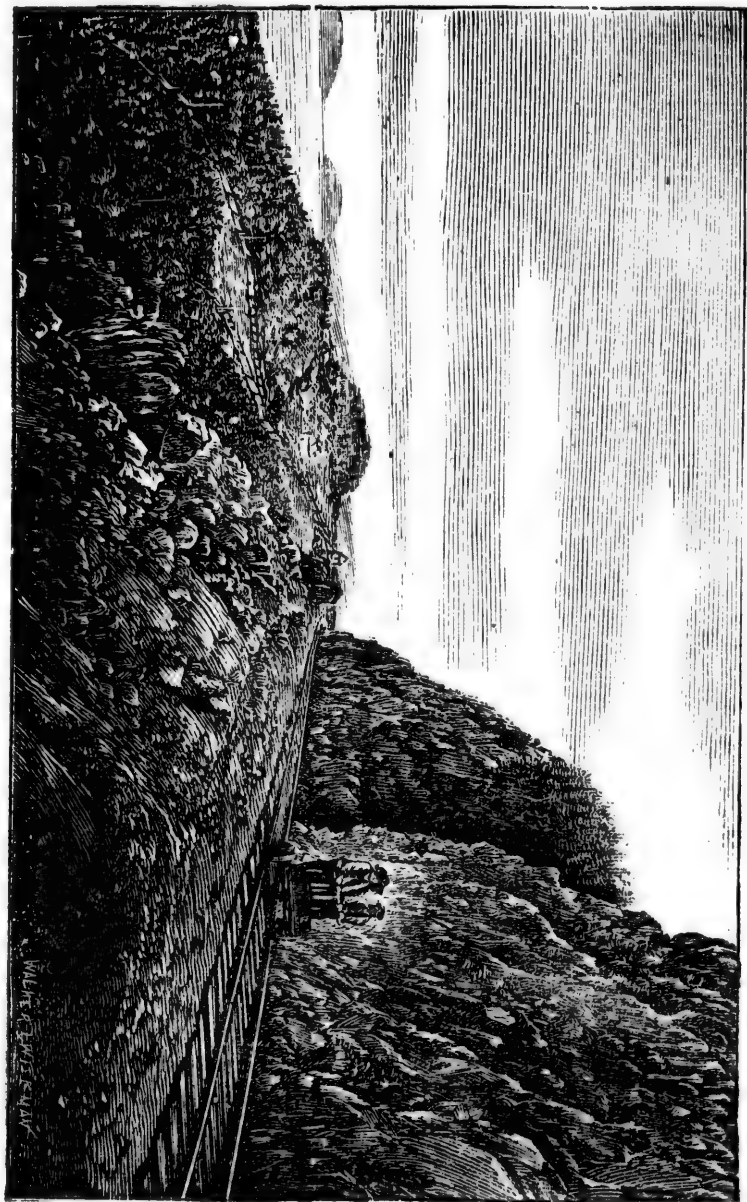
Two miles to the east of Cacouna is St. Arsene, a small village with a population of about 900. It is about two miles from the station. The district between Cacouna and this point is rugged, rather rocky, and apparently not very suitable for agricultural purposes.

The next station on the road is Isle Verte, a prosperous village with a population of about 1,000. It is nine miles from St. Arsene. The inhabitants are very enterprising, indications of which are visible on all sides. There is a large agricultural implement manufactory in the place, in addition to flouring, carding, dyeing, pressing and fulling mills. Isle Verte Island, inhabited by fishermen, is opposite the village. It has been created a parish under the name of Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs. A very handsome church is being

erected on the Island. This place looks very pretty in the summer, when the trees are clothed with foliage, and the fields mantled with all descriptions of cereal and vegetable products.

Between Isle Verte and Trois Pistoles, the tableland is intersected by the deep ravine formed by the stream of the Trois Pistoles River. The average width between the banks at the top is three hundred feet; the stream at the bottom is one hundred feet wide, and the ravine one hundred and fifty feet deep. It is crossed by a handsome iron bridge of five spans, the piers being substantially built of limestone obtained from a quarry in the vicinity. There is a lumber mill on the river, a short distance above the bridge, from which considerable quantities of timber are shipped to Europe every season. The scenery along the river is very fine: Between the bridge and the village there is an immense cutting of clay, of a putty-like character, through which great difficulty was experienced in constructing the road. A heavy embankment of similar material on the west side of the river "slides" occasionally, generally after heavy rains, and sometimes blocks the track. It is intended, this summer, to remove the top part of the embankment, which will obviate the present difficulty. Trois Pistoles has a population of 1,000, mostly French-Canadians. There are two good hotels in the place—D'amour's and Garant's—which are generally pretty full during the

ROCK CUTTING, BIC.



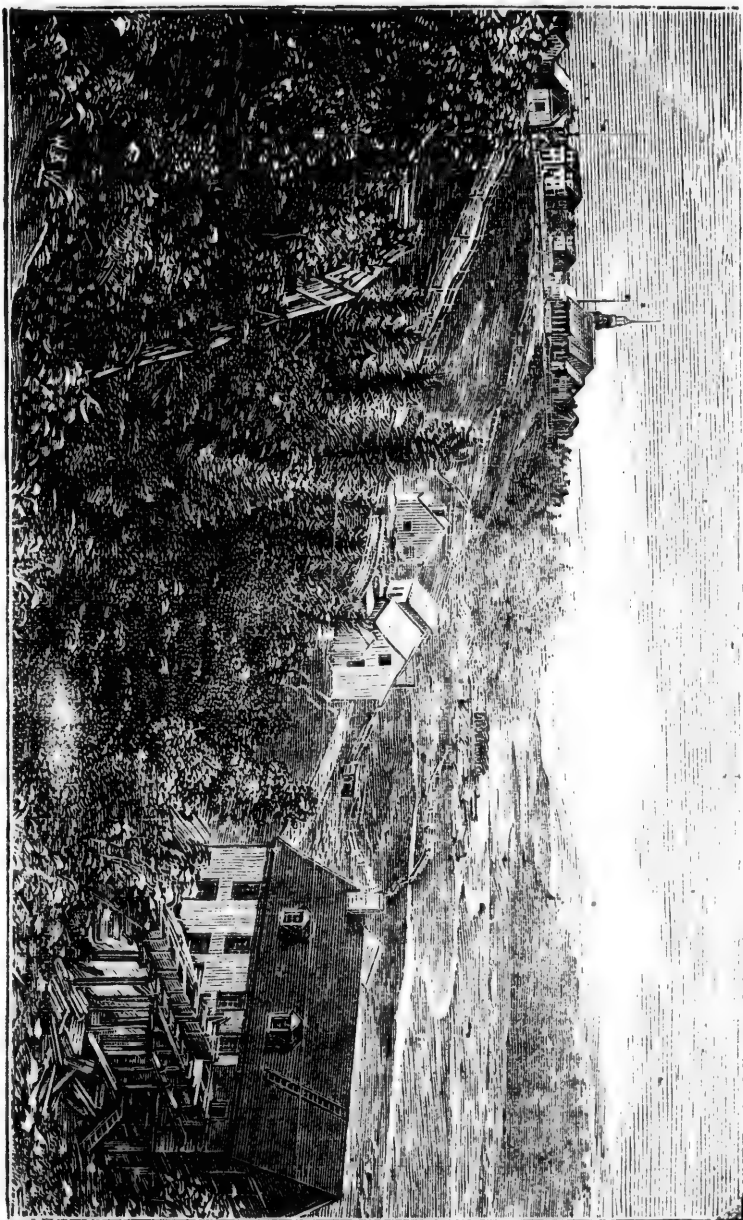


summer. The scenery in the neighborhood is wild and rugged, and the village has a good reputation as a watering place. Opposite it there is a very pretty island, which is a source of great danger to ships navigating the Gulf. Several shipwrecks have recently occurred on it. The Saguenay River is directly opposite Trois Pistoles, and can be reached after a pleasant three hour's sail across the St. Lawrence. The inhabitants are not behind their neighbours, as far as enterprise is concerned; in the village there are flouring, carding and dyeing mills. In the immediate vicinity is Lake St. Simon, in which trout, varying from half a pound to three pounds in weight, can be caught in large quantities. Cabs can be hired in the village on very reasonable terms. At Trois Pistoles there is a most commodious and well-kept refreshment room, where excellent meals are served.

Nine miles below Trois Pistoles is St. Simon, the first parish in the County of Rimouski. The population is only about 300, but with the facilities provided by the completion of the Railway, it is expected in a few years to become a point of considerable importance, the soil being remarkably fertile, the climate healthy, and the district surrounding it intersected by numerous streams, abounding with trout. A mail is delivered daily. The people are, for the most part, French-Canadians.

The next station is St. Fabien, ten miles from St.

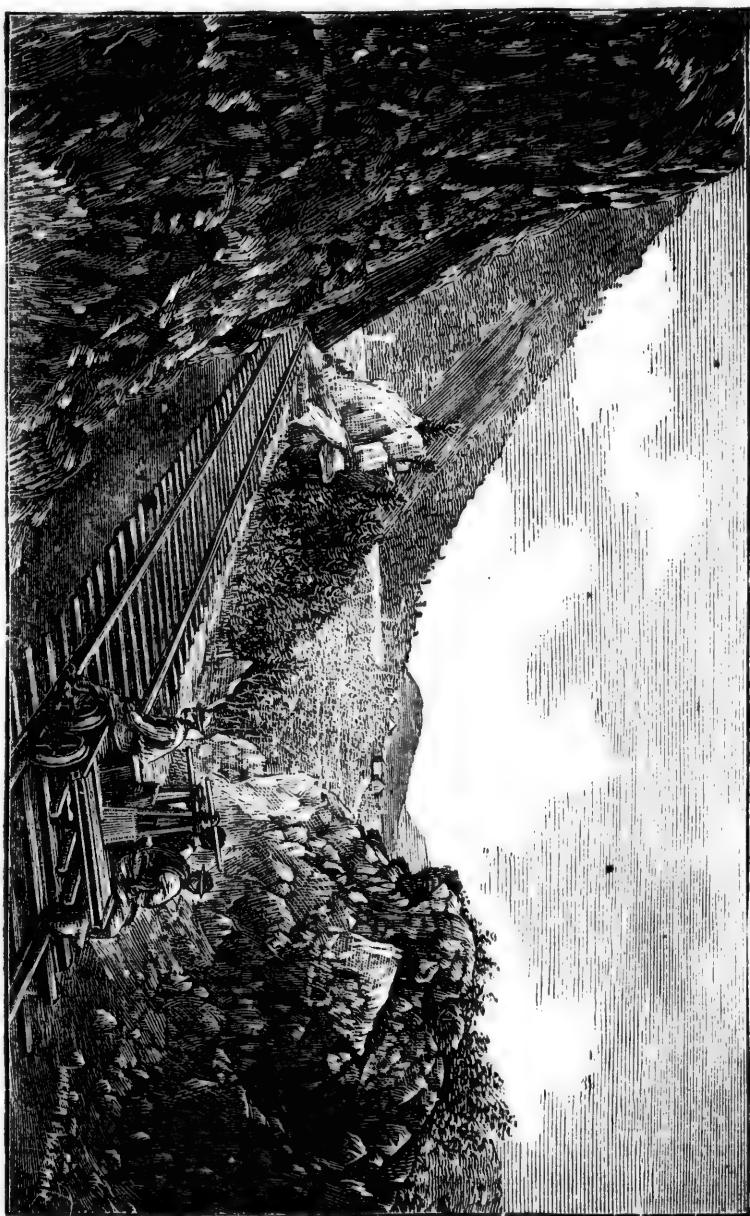
THE VILLAGE OF BIC.



Simon. The village and the surrounding district present a most charming appearance during the summer, and will doubtless ere long become a favorite watering resort. It is unquestionably one of the most romantic spots below Quebec. The population is 350, entirely French-Canadians. A rather handsome church has been erected in the place. About half a mile to the back of the village there is a pretty lake, on which splendid trout fishing can be had.

A short drive through an interesting tract of country brings the traveller to Bic, a handsome village on the St. Lawrence, with a fine harbor open the whole year round. Its situation is picturesque, and even romantic, being surrounded by a group of hills broken by deep gullies, through which streams of various dimensions, from the small "brawling brook" to moderately sized streams, pour their waters into the St. Lawrence. The population of Bic is about 700. It has a good local trade. The Railroad passes right through the village, and the inhabitants are thus enabled, with the greatest convenience, to forward their surplus productions to market. The road enters the village round the edge of Bic mountain through a deep cutting; in several places the rock rises fully two hundred feet on both sides of the track, nearly hanging over the carriages. The construction of the line in this neighborhood cost an immense amount of money. At one time it was proposed to bore a tunnel through the mountain,

ROCK CUTTING, B.C.

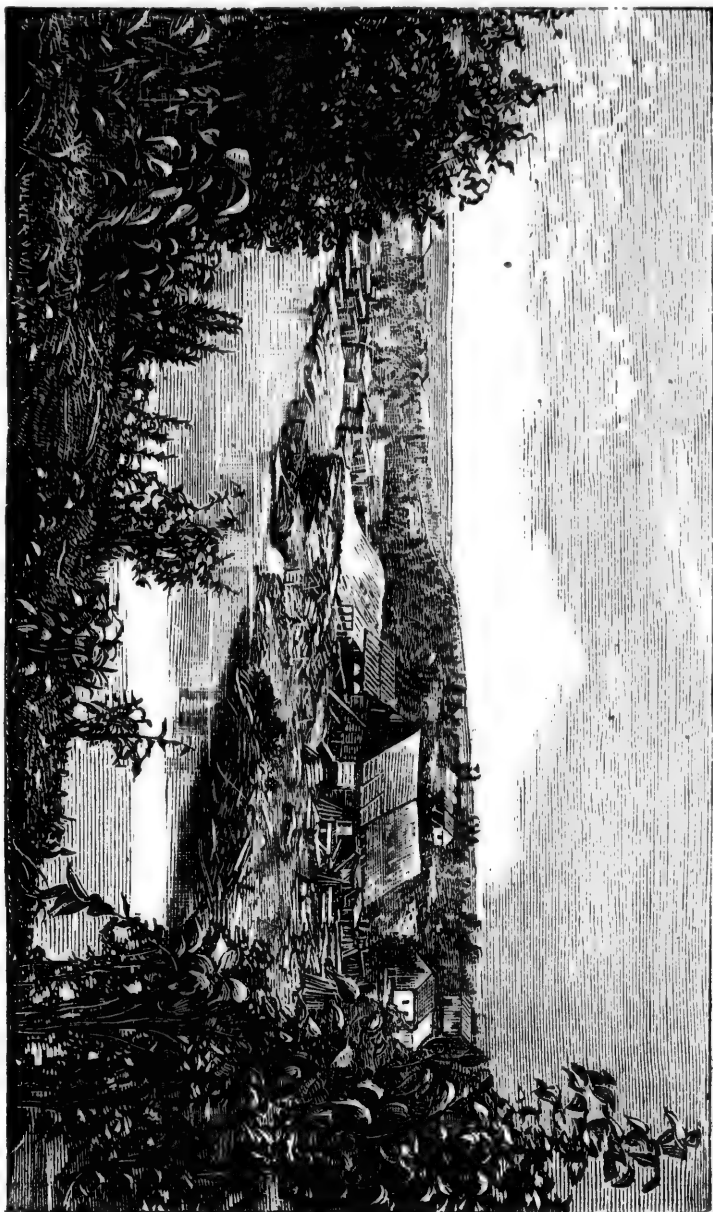


but owing to the geological formation of the range, and the increased outlay which such a work would involve, the idea was abandoned. The scenery in the neighborhood is charming, and since the completion of the Intercolonial, a large number of lots have been purchased along the track by Montreal and Quebec gentlemen, on which they intend erecting magnificent summer residences. Hatey River and Bay are three miles distant from Bic. The scenery throughout, more especially along the river, is lovely, and should attract a large number of tourists, now that the access to it is rendered so easy by the completion of the Intercolonial. The inhabitants of Bic are content to quench their thirst with the unpolluted waters of the surrounding springs, there being no establishment in the place—not even a drug store—in which beer can be purchased, not to talk of the more potent stimulants which sometimes refresh but generally prostrate the energies and blast the prospects of ordinary mortals. The hotel accommodation is very deficient at present, but will doubtless be improved when the beauties of the surrounding country are better known. The Montreal Telegraph Company has an office in the village. Opposite Bic is L'Islet ou Massacre; about three miles long by three-fourths of a mile broad. A deed of blood marks the spot, and history furnishes the details of the terrible catastrophe. About two centuries ago two hundred Micmac Indians were

camping on the island for the night ; the canoes had been beached, and a neighboring cavern offered an apparently secure resting place to the warriors, their wives and children. Whilst wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, during the still hours of night, a band of the Iroquois tribe surrounded the retreat of their adventurous and brave rivals, piled birch bark faggots around it, and, desperate to revenge the wrongs inflicted upon them, they applied the torch to the combustible heap and in an instant the cave was surrounded by a circle of fierce fire. The Micmacs, terror stricken, seized their arms and prepared to rush through the flames and to sell their lives as dearly as possible, but a shower of poisoned arrows mowed them down, the tomahawk completed the fiendish work of destruction, and history mentions but five, out of the two hundred, who escaped with their lives. Bleached bones, supposed to be those of the unfortunate warriors, have lately been found strewn through the cave, also elaborately finished arrow-heads of flint. A short distance to the north of L'Islet ou Massacre, is Bicquette Island, about half a mile long by one quarter of a mile wide. Near its centre is a light-house, exhibiting a revolving white light ; a gun is fired every half-hour during fogs and snow storms. Bic is certain to become one of the most attractive summer resorts on the Lower St. Lawrence.

Travelling eastwards the next point of importance

reached is Rimouski, a large and flourishing town fifty-four and-a-half miles below Riviere-du-Loup, *en bas*, in the Seigniory of St. Barnabé. It was created a parish in 1835, is the capital of the County of the same name, has a population of about 1,500, and contains several handsome private residences, two colleges, three convents, a bishop's palace and the County buildings. The new convent and college, recently built, are very fine edifices, and reflect great credit upon the architects. The Rimouski River, which rises in two considerable branches in rear of the Seigniory and falls into the St. Lawrence, is a splendid stream for salmon angling. It is crossed at the west end of the village by a beautiful iron bridge, resting on four piers and two abutments. The scenery along the river is very pretty, and nothing can be more charming than a drive along its banks on a fine summer evening, when a breeze is blowing fresh enough to relieve the traveller of the tantalizing misery caused by the ubiquitous mosquitos. There is a large lumbering establishment on the river, about three miles from the town. A wharf, three quarters of a mile long, has been constructed by the Government, about half way between Rimouski and Father Point, at which the English mails are landed and taken on board. This arrangement, which was only made when the Intercolonial Railway was completed, will be of great advantage to those engaged in the commerce of the country,



SCENE ON RIMOUSKI RIVER.



as the mails are now distributed several hours earlier than under the old system, while their departure from Montreal and the Western cities of the Dominion is delayed fully twelve hours. It is intended to extend the wharf further out into the bay, to facilitate the landing of the mails, and also to supply greater facilities for the carrying on of the local shipping trade. A branch of the Intercolonial runs down to the wharf, so that no time is lost in despatching the mails after the arrival of the steamer in the bay. The Montreal Telegraph Company have completed arrangements by which telegrams can be put on board the outgoing and incoming steamers when passing Rimouski. Barnaby Island, three and a half miles in length, and very narrow, is opposite the town. It is comparatively low, and partly wooded. A touching story is recorded in connection with this place. Nearly a century ago, Toussaint Cartier, a French nobleman, like many before and since his time, fell in love with a handsome and accomplished young lady of humble origin. His friends being opposed to their marriage, he formed a resolution to leave France for ever in company with the girl who had unconsciously obtained the mastery over his youthful heart. A ship was chartered, and a start made under happy circumstances and with cheering prospects. The New World was fixed upon as their future home. All went well until the Gulf of St. Lawrence was reached. There, in

front of the town of Rimouski, the ship was becalmed, and as the stock of provisions at the disposal of the youthful adventurers had by this time become nearly exhausted, Cartier volunteered to land and procure a fresh supply. While on his way back, a fierce storm arose; his frail craft was driven upon Barnaby Island, and on his arrival there he was subjected to the heart-rending agony of seeing his ship dashing heavily upon the cruel rocks concealed by the angry ocean on the north side of the Island. The crew launched a boat, and with the gallantry and womanly tenderness which are such pleasing features in the character of the French race, placed their fair companion on board, but the boat could not live in the surging billows which rose mountain high in the Gulf; she was swamped before she had scarcely left the side of the vessel, and poor Cartier, nearly distracted, was a helpless spectator of the dreadful catastrophe which deprived him of the woman for whom he had so manfully sacrificed friends and fortune. Dejected in spirit and broken hearted, Cartier remained upon the Island and interred her body—perfect in its loveliness, though in the cold grasp of death—which was washed ashore shortly after the accident; at the same time he took a solemn vow never to leave the Island from which he witnessed the dire calamity that prematurely blasted all his earthly prospects. He is said to have lived there for fifty years in the strictest seclusion. The Seigneur granted him

a small plot of land, on which he erected a hut. One day no smoke was seen to rise from his uncomfortable retreat, and the people living in the neighbourhood, suspecting that he was unwell, went over to the hut, where they found poor Cartier dead, and his faithful dog lying beside him, affectionately licking his face. The body was brought to the village and buried in the Rimouski churchyard. Gamaache, the notorious pirate of the St. Lawrence, was born at Rimouski. His head-quarters after he commenced his work of merciless plunder, were at Anticosti, but he often visited his native town, and some of the oldest inhabitants of the place have a perfect recollection of him.

A short drive to the back of Rimouski brings the traveller to Mount St. Camille, the highest range between Riviere-du-Loup and the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and the first land sighted by vessels coming up the Gulf. From the summit, to reach which will necessitate considerable climbing, a charming view of the surrounding country is obtained. Behind this mountain immense herds of cariboo congregate during the winter, and large numbers of persons visit the locality during that period.

Ste. Luce is the next village of importance on the road. It is ten miles from Rimouski and two miles from the station. The population is only about 400. In front of the village there is a pretty bay, the beach

of which is sandy and very suitable for bathing. There is a handsome Roman Catholic church in the place, also a flour mill.

Eight and a half miles further on is Ste. Flavie, a small but thriving village, with a population of about 700. It contains a Roman Catholic church, a hotel, a telegraph office and several stores, and is the terminus of the Metapedia (military) road, which is always kept in good order. Before the completion of the Intercolonial, stage-coaches were run between Ste. Flavie and Cross Point, on the Restigouche River.

In bringing this chapter to a close, it is proper to state that the tract of country extending between Riviere-du-Loup and Ste. Flavie, although thickly settled and well cultivated, is not likely for many years to yield any considerable revenue to the Railroad. The soil cannot be called very fertile, and in only a few of the villages along the route do the inhabitants have any surplus cereal productions to dispose of. A large quantity of lumber is cut along the banks of the principal streams intersecting the district, but the bulk, in fact all of it, is now forwarded from the seaports by ocean craft to the foreign markets, and it is not at all likely that those engaged in the trade, even with the facilities now offered them, will be inclined to seek a market nearer home for their productions. The quantity intended for Halifax and other points in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and also for the United

States, hitherto sent by sailing vessels, will doubtless now be forwarded by the Railway, but this forms a very insignificant portion of the amount of lumber exported. There are several interesting points on the route, such as Riviere-du-Loup, Cacouna, Bic and Rimouski, which are surrounded by bold and romantic scenery, and in the neighborhood of which there is some splendid fishing and shooting, which will attract large numbers of tourists and health-seekers, and this will yield a considerable revenue. The construction of the road through this section has been comparatively easy, except in the neighborhood of the northern terminus, Trois Pistoles and Bic, where deep cuttings through solid rock were necessitated.



## CHAPTER III.

### FROM STE. FLAVIE TO METAPEDIA.

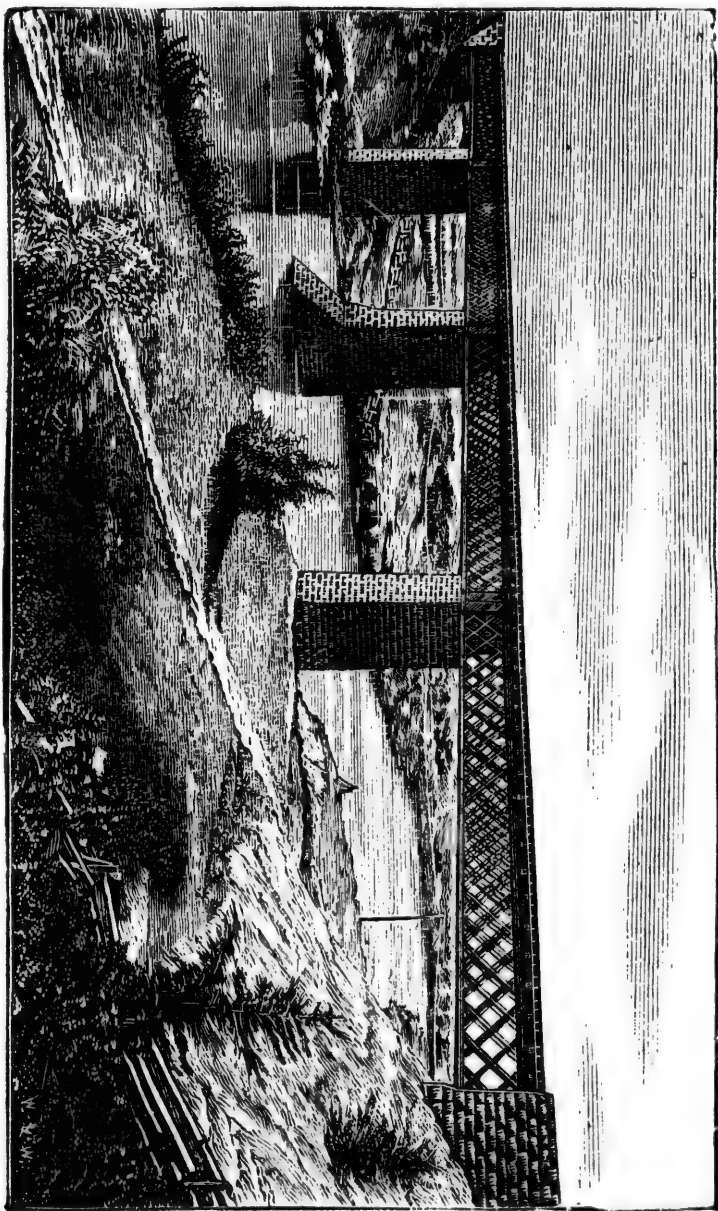
Possibly some travellers will experience a feeling of disappointment after having traversed the country extending from Riviere-du-Loup to Ste. Flavie. They may not consider its scenery so romantic and picturesque as they were induced to believe by people who had travelled through it. It must be admitted that the district along the Gulf is the most uninteresting on the whole route, being, except at one or two points, destitute of those bold and striking features which are necessary for the formation of an attractive landscape. To the ardent student of nature, however, it possesses an attractiveness which is not diminished by the monotonous sameness which, upon the whole, characterizes it. The River St. Lawrence continually in view to the north, with lofty mountains rising behind it, whose tops are almost invariably at early morn enshrouded in a veil of vapory clouds; the high table land extending southwards, broken here and there by deep ravines; the corn fields, waving in the gentle breeze; the huge boulders of rock, which tower above the Railway carriages in the neighborhood of Bic; the falls and cataracts of Riviere-du-Loup, are all full of inter-

est, and will not fail to be appreciated by tourists visiting the locality.

There are grander scenes yet to be visited, however, scenes whose picturesqueness, awful loneliness, and primeval wildness, will excite feelings of unbounded admiration, and the recollections of which can never be effaced from the memory.

The country for several miles below Ste. Flavie presents an uninteresting appearance. Along the track, strips of land are here and there cleared and under cultivation, but beyond these, on both sides as far as the eye can see, the hills and plains are thickly wooded.

Grand Metis Bridge is the next point of interest reached. It crosses the river of that name, which takes its rise in the north-west angle of the County of Bonaventure, and running north discharges into an expansive estuary called Anse-aux-Snelles. The bridge is a very fine substantially built structure of iron, four hundred and thirty feet long, supported by three piers and two abutments. About a mile and-a-half below the bridge is Grand Metis Fall, to which a carriage road runs from the village. For some distance above it the river runs through a comparatively level tract of wood-land, expanding as it approaches the cascade, then contracting near the brink of the ledge, over which the waters leap seventy-five feet in an unbroken sheet into the chasm below, forming a seething pool, at the



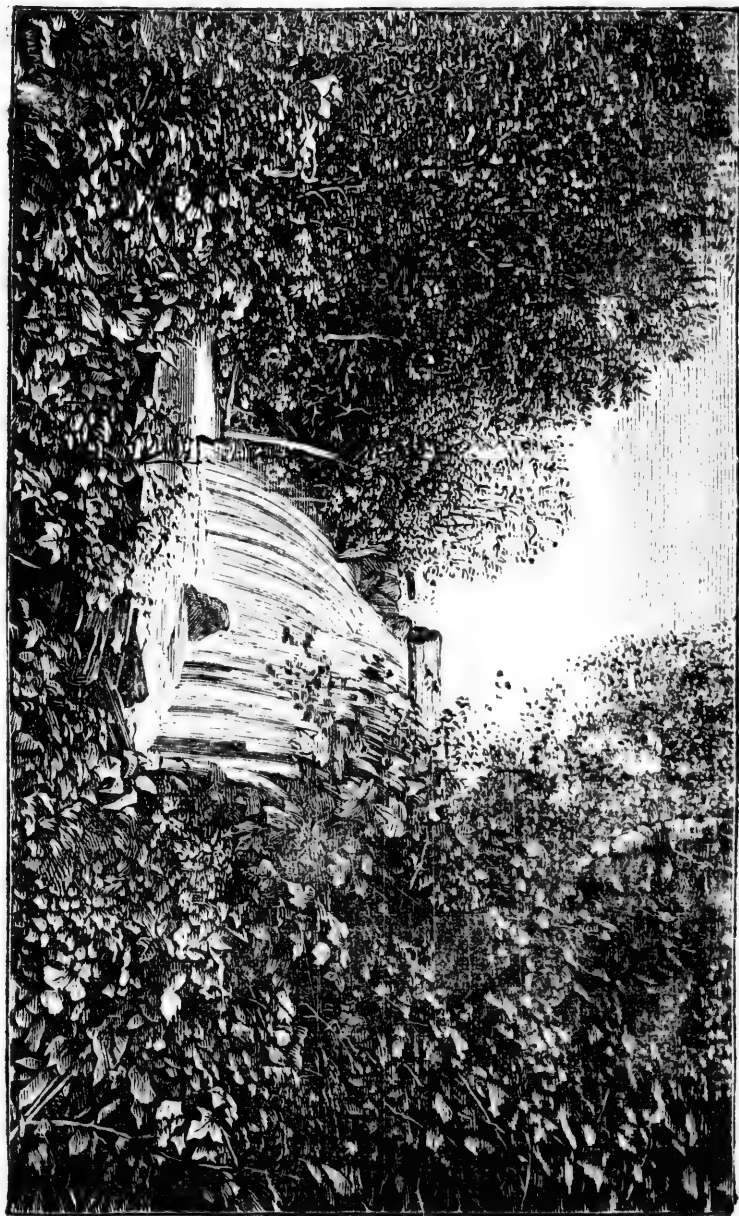
GRAND METIS BRIDGE.



base of which the silvery spray rises to a great height. As we gaze down into the dizzy depths of this grand cataract, when

“.....White with foam, the whole abyss  
Seems tortured, and with headlong vent  
Dashes o'er the rocks worn and rent  
With deafening noise, and lightning leap  
Headlong with unresisted sweep  
The waters seek the ocean wide,”

we cannot help being impressed with a feeling of awe. The peculiar structure of the rocky banks, the music of the waters, the requisite intermingling of light and shade, the distant prospect of forest and mountain, enchain the attention of the spectator, and as the shades of evening fall and the great luminary of the day sinks in the western horizon, tinting the mountain tops with a golden hue, imparting to the landscape a romantic grandeur, creating feelings of wonder and admiration at the sublime creations of the Great Architect of the universe, one reluctantly turns away from the contemplation of the scene and directs his footsteps towards the village there to ponder over the glorious views of nature, adorned in her most fantastic garb, which he was privileged to behold during the day. No less enchanting is the scenery along the route of the Petit Metis, which rises in the rear of the Seigniory of the same name, and falls into a small bay known as the Petit Metis Harbour. A cascade on



LITTLE METIS FALLS.

this stream is worthy of special attention on account of its striking appearance and romantic wildness. The river, after passing through a district where its channel is in many places concealed from view by the forest of tamarac, spruce and cedar which mantles both its banks, stretching far away beyond them, comes to a narrow gorge overhung by lofty trees, and plunges over a small precipice into the circular pool below. The face of the cascade presents a most fascinating appearance, being covered with tall trees and thick brush wood, in the midst of which the beautiful white foam of the falling waters, reflecting variegated hues in the dazzling sun, is seen in all its loveliness and exquisite grandeur. Both the Grand and Petit Metis are splendid salmon streams, and in the woodland along their banks, in fact throughout the whole neighborhood, partridge, snipe, &c., abound.

On the Grand Metis a large saw mill has been constructed at a cost of \$25,000. For a considerable distance to the east of the bridge the country is pretty well cleared on both sides of the track, and the farmers' cottages scattered here and there, present a neat and comfortable appearance. In this section the road was very difficult to construct, and in several places the rails are laid upon embankments fully fourteen feet high. At Little Metis a very good hotel has been built, to accommodate about 200 guests.

St. Octave, nine miles from Ste. Flavie, is the next

village on the Intercolonial, and the station for both Grand and Little Metis. This place was originally settled by a small colony of Scotch Presbyterians, but the present population are now mostly French-Canadians, and are employed during the summer in agricultural pursuits and in the winter in lumbering. The village contains several stores and a telegraph office. In the winter the fall of snow in this district is very heavy, and to prevent the blocking up of the road, the cuttings and most exposed points have been covered, some of the sheds being nearly 1,500 feet long. As the train moves eastwards the traveller obtains a delightful view of the country. The St. Lawrence is in sight on the left, winding its way slowly towards the ocean; between it and the track neat cottages nestle romantically among the trees, while the country in the distance is intersected and crossed by a constant succession of ridges, rising to a considerable height between the different small tributaries of the Metis and Tartigou Rivers. About two miles from St. Octave there is an immense cutting through solid slate rock. This cutting is shedded. At this point the spray from the Metis Falls, as it curls heavenwards, is seen from the carriage windows, while the fall itself is concealed by the surrounding woods. For a few miles eastwards the road passes through a rocky district, where very great difficulty was experienced in procuring grading material, and then runs round the

brow of an elevated plateau called the "summit." At every point of view in this neighborhood the landscape is particularly picturesque and beautiful, and the traveller commences to feel that the splendor and the variety of the scenery which opens up before him will more than counterbalance whatever inconveniences he may have been subjected to in penetrating into this region of solitude.

The line to Tartigou, a small and unimportant village, runs for the most part through deep cuttings cut in solid rock, and when the travellers' view is not interrupted by rocks, as he looks through his carriage window, he sees evidences of the devastating work of the fiery element. The magnificent forest which formerly clothed the hills which come within the range of his observation has been for the most part destroyed, whether accidentally or otherwise it is impossible to state, although the most probable theory is that the conflagration which swept with such fury and destructive results through the district, originated from the remains of Indian camp fires. After leaving Tartigou we travel along the bank of a small river of the same name, which abounds with excellent trout, ranging in weight all the way from a quarter of a pound to six pounds. A few miles below the settlement the river is diverted from its natural bed, and passes through a tunnel forty-five feet long, constructed in the embankment on which the track is laid. A few miles beyond this place we

pass two small lakes; the larger of them is named Malphet; it was covered with ice on the 22nd May. The road runs down an incline to Sayabec, where a station has been built. There are only two houses in sight. The old military road built by the Government for the carriage of the mails from Ste. Flavie to New Brunswick, is crossed here.

Leaving Sayabec we pass through a level tract of country, wooded on both sides of the road down to St. Pierre River, which is spanned by an iron bridge forty feet long. At this point Lake Metapedia is sighted,—as beautiful a sheet of water as can be seen anywhere, equalling, if not surpassing, the world-renowned lakes of “Auld Scotia.” Its length is about sixteen miles, and its breadth from one-half to three miles. Its shores are bold and high, and covered with excellent timber. The centre of the Lake is diversified by a cluster of islands, which, with the extensive surface of water and the grandeur of the scenery, constitutes one of the most exquisitely finished landscapes imaginable. As we ramble along its lovely shores on a clear afternoon, when the golden light falls aslant upon its glassy surface, throwing out long shadows from the trees, and we follow eastwards the rugged ranges of hills which enclose the distant valley, we cannot help being impressed with a feeling of wonder and admiration at the sublime splendor of God’s handiwork. Around the lake there are several hills which can

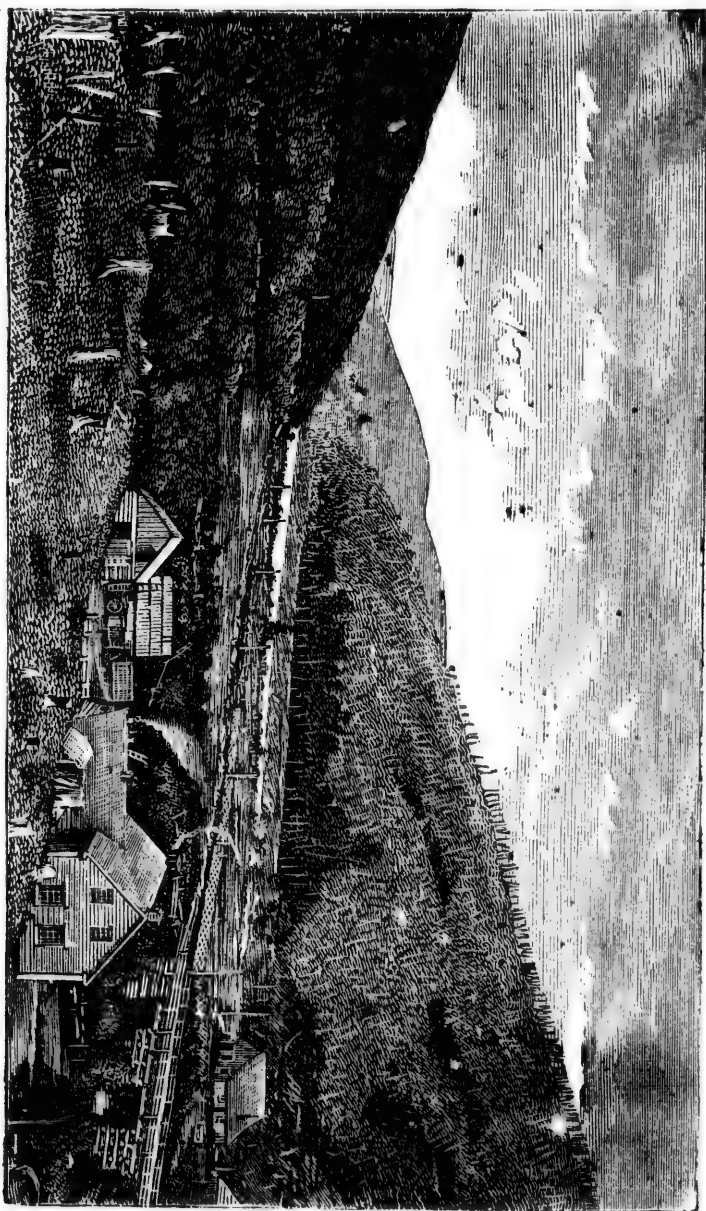
easily he climbed, and around which the most fascinating panoramas of forests, hills, rivers, lakes, meadows, and mountain majesty are displayed. The eastern end of the lake, studded with small islands, is particularly charming, and we can conceive of no more attractive spot in which to spend a few weeks than in this neighborhood. From there expeditions can be made into the interior, where far more exciting sport in the way of partridge and snipe shooting can be obtained than in any of the reserves on the estates of the English nobility; whilst the salmon and trout fishing in every stream and lake throughout the district is unequalled. It is quite common for an angler to land as many as forty salmon in a day; and it must be remembered that here they run as wild as in any river or lake in Great Britain, and their capture is attended by equal excitement and sport as in the celebrated streams and lakes of Harris in the Western Hebrides, which that enthusiastic sportive parson—"Sixty-one"—has pictured so graphically in his "Twenty Years Reminiscences in the Lewis." We have no doubt but that as the travel on the Intercolonial Railway increases, and as the beauty and attractions of the Metapedia region become better known, an hotel will be erected in the vicinity of this lake for the accommodation of sportsmen. In Great Britain thousands of pounds are paid annually for a few weeks sport, but it is only in comparatively few places that

any decent sport can be obtained. For deer stalking, the southern part of Lewis and Northern Harris are the best fields in the whole of Great Britain, but in the district of which we are now speaking, better sport and greater enjoyment can be obtained than even in these parts of Northern Britain. Moose and cariboo roam about in large numbers in the mountains and valleys, and occasionally a bear can be shot; in the forests part-ridge, snipe and plover are plentiful; while in the rivers and lakes salmon, trout, gaspereaux, bass, &c., &c., abound. You have little or nothing to pay for your sporting privileges. And what privileges they are, too? A territory hundreds of miles in area at your disposal, through which you may roam unrestrained, with the certainty of every day enjoying as much shooting and fishing as you desire. In nearly every stream throughout the country either salmon or trout can be obtained, and in those in which these noble specimens of the piscatorial species are not to be met with—and they are few and far between—bass, gaspereaux, &c., &c., are plentiful. There are two small settlements near the southern end of the lake—Cedar Hall and Amqui. They have no hotel accommodation yet, so that the traveller who makes up his mind to linger in the locality for a few days must either “put up” with one of the farmers or come supplied with the necessary material for “camping out.”



The Metapedia, or "Musical River," as the Indians call it, takes its rise in the lake of the same name, which we have just passed, and flows, with many twists and windings, in a direction from north-west to south-east and discharges into the River Restigouche, about sixteen miles west of the port of Campbellton. In its course it receives the waters of several large streams with unpronounceable names, the principal of which are the Piscamineau, the Assemetquaghan, the Causapsal, and the Humguin. The River is in many places diversified with numerous islands; sometimes its waters are contracted between stupendous mountains, and at other times expanded to a great extent in a beautiful open country. It is as fine a river as any angler could wish to cast a line in. No matter from what point of the compass the wind blows, or whether there is any wind at all, salmon can be caught in it; they will rise to almost anything—even to a piece of red flannel roughly fixed upon a hook. With this gear attached to a long pole cut from the neighboring forest, it is quite a common thing for the farmers who live on its banks to land a dozen magnificent salmon in an evening, some weighing as much as thirty pounds. No river in England, Scotland or Ireland can be compared to this one, and still it is by no means the best to be met with on the route of the Intercolonial Railway.

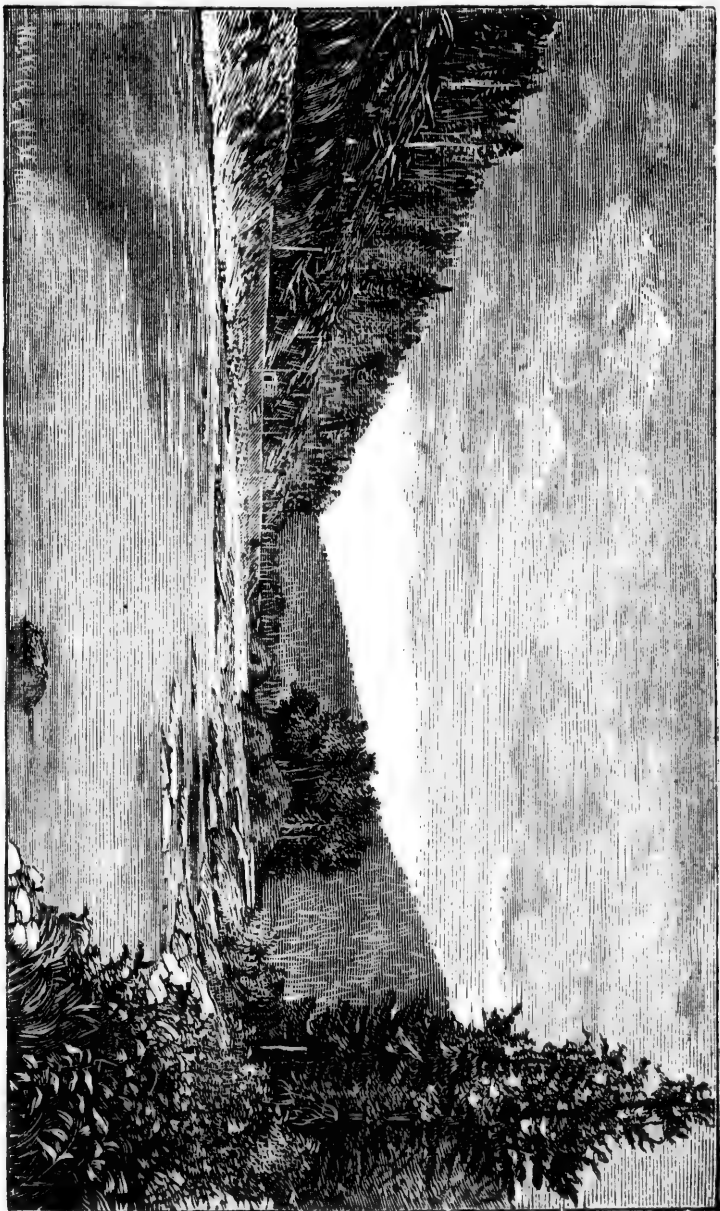
Travelling eastwards we pass a number of small lakes, the larger being Salmon Lake, and then enter the



ASSAMETOUGHAN — METAPEDIA VALLEY.

Metapedia Valley, without doubt the wildest and most romantic scene in Canada. When brought into comparison with this the world-renowned mountain scenery of the North of Scotland, especially that along the new branch of the Highland Railway extending from Dingwall to Strone Ferry, pales its lustre and sinks into insignificance. Rich in savage grandeur, the high and rugged cliffs seem to frown in gloomy indignation at the travellers, who in pursuit of pleasure disturb its solitude, and at some points they appear as if at any moment they would fall and overwhelm the stream which flows down so cold, deep and motionless below. This valley should be seen, if it were only to know what dreadful aspects Nature can assume in her wild woods. On the rough brows and rugged sides of one of the mountain ranges which enclose the valley, fir, cedar, poplar, spruce, tamarac, birch, ash and pine flourish in wild luxuriance; while the other side presents a weird aspect, the trees being for the most part lifeless and verdureless, the district having at some period or other been visited by a destructive fire.

The valley extends seventy miles to the point where the Metapedia River joins the Restigouche. It is bounded by mountain ranges rising to a height of 1,000 feet, at some places broken by deep ravines and narrow gorges, through which several small streams pour their waters into the main river below. The trains run through this picturesque scenery during the daytime.



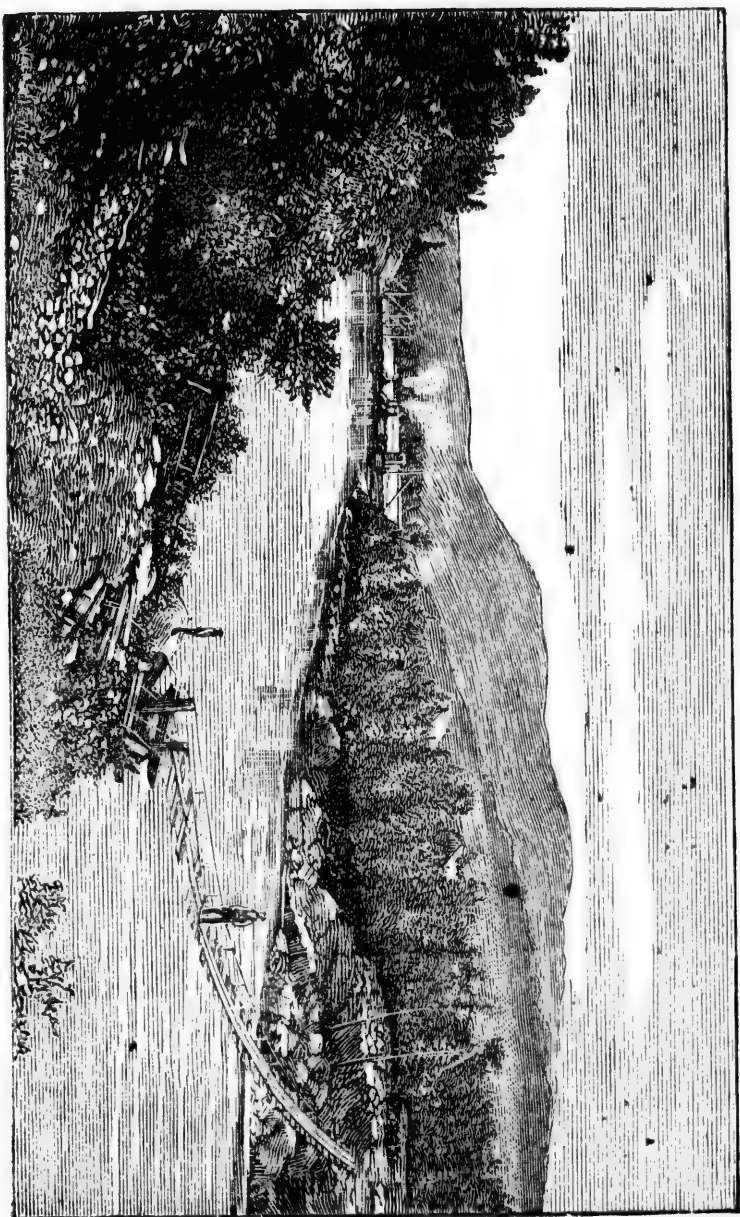
HELLSGATE — METAPEDIA VALLEY.

There are three stations in the Valley, Causapsca, Assametquaghan and Millstream, all small settlements, surrounded, however, by wild and rugged scenery. Assametquaghan, particularly, is a most fascinating spot, situated on a small plain, enclosed on every side by lofty mountains, with the river flowing past in front.

At Hellsgate, near the end of the Valley, is a charming piece of scenery. The river, after passing over a series of boulders, expands into an extensive and beautiful basin, and again contracts and flows gently on between a succession of high precipices. At this place some years ago a prominent official connected with the Intercolonial had his canoe capsized in the rapids, and the occupants were thrown into the water, but they were gallantly rescued by one of the men employed on the road.

A few miles further down, the river assumes a very picturesque aspect, and nothing can be more charming than a ramble along its banks, especially at sunset, when the surrounding mountains are richly tinted with emerald and gold hues.

The Suspension Bridge, which will be noticed in an illustration on another page, was, prior to the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, the only means of crossing the river, except in canoes. At certain seasons of the year it is impossible, on account of the rapidity of the current, to cross in boats. As the hills on both



AT MILSTREAM — METAPEDIA VALLEY.

sides of the Metapedia Valley are high and steep, and come down on the one side or the other pretty close to the river's bank, it has been found necessary in the construction of the road, in order to avoid curves of very small radius, to change from one side to the other. The rock throughout is hard and generally of a slaty character. The construction of the road has, consequently, been very expensive. Opposite Causapscal, at the confluence of the river of that name with the Metapedia, there is a very fine iron bridge, supported by three piers and two abutments, built of limestone, obtained from a quarry in the vicinity. The superstructure is after the English lattice girded pattern, built by the Fairbairn Engineering Company of Manchester, England. Traveling eastwards, we cross the river again at Pleasant Beech over a similar bridge, only one span shorter. The next structure of importance that we come to is the Millstream bridge, four spans of one hundred feet each. It is nineteen miles from the previous bridge. Here the river is crossed at a point where the current is very rapid, and great difficulty was experienced in laying the foundation. The superstructure is the same as that of the other bridges. After emerging from the valley the road runs over a more open, but very rugged country, to Metapedia, on the boundary between Quebec and New Brunswick.

## CHAPTER IV.

### METAPEDIA TO MONCTON.

Metapedia, the most easterly village, or rather settlement, in the Province of Quebec, is delightfully situated on a fertile plain at the confluence of the Metapedia and Restigouche. It is hardly possible to conceive of a more charming scene than that which bursts upon the view of the traveller as he emerges from the wild valley beyond and approaches the boundary line. The magnificent river in front, winding modestly a silent course; the rugged hills around, clad with a green robe of forest from summit to base; the fruitful vales; the deep ravines and the narrow gorges, constitute a landscape of perfect loveliness and dazzling splendour. "Whether dressed or nude, wild without art, or artfully subdued, Nature in every form inspires delight," and no man having a spark of the sublime within his bosom can help being impressed with the picturesqueness and the exquisite beauty of the prospect before him. The scenery of the Hudson in the United States, or the Rhine in Germany, cannot surpass, if it equals, that along the rivers which intersect this part of the country.

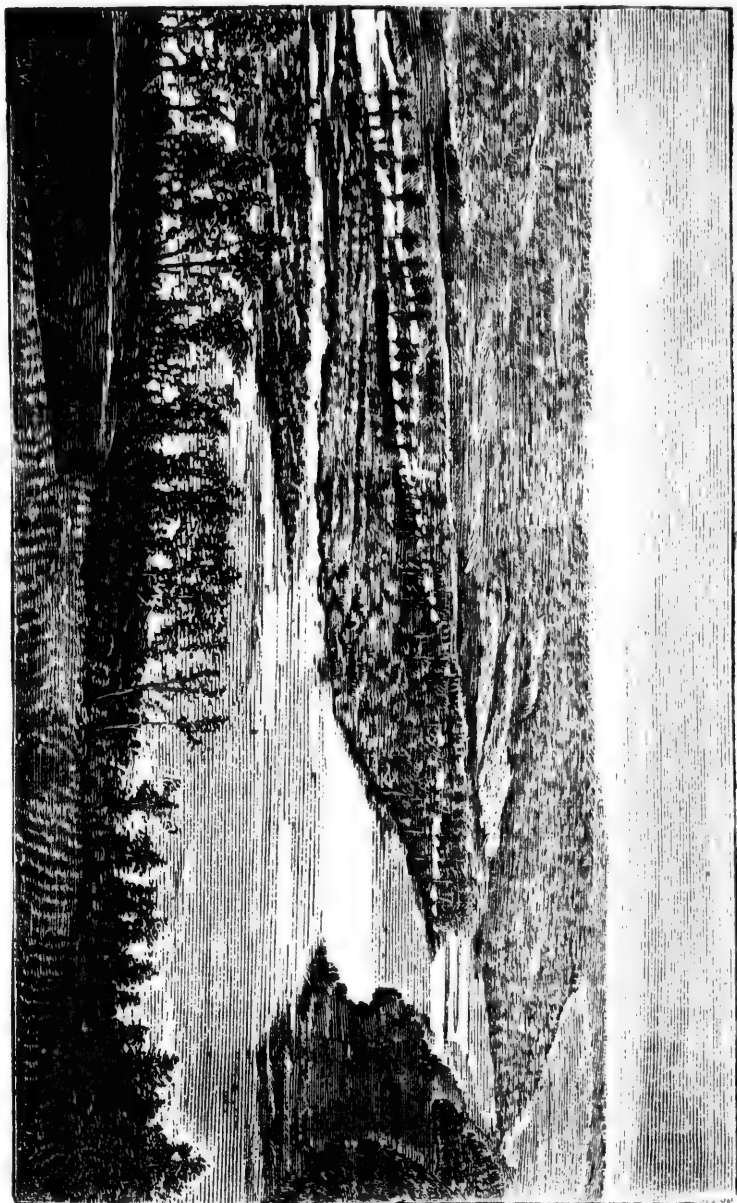
At this point good salmon fishing may be had by



paying \$1 per day for the privilege. There are several good pools within a radius of three miles. A good hotel is also here kept by a well-known resident, Daniel Fraser, who can give the best information as to the exact spot at which to land a salmon of from twenty to thirty pounds. No more charming spot for an hotel exists on the continent, with the certainty of catching salmon, and an unlimited quantity of sea trout, in the midst of scenery which cannot be excelled in any part of the world.

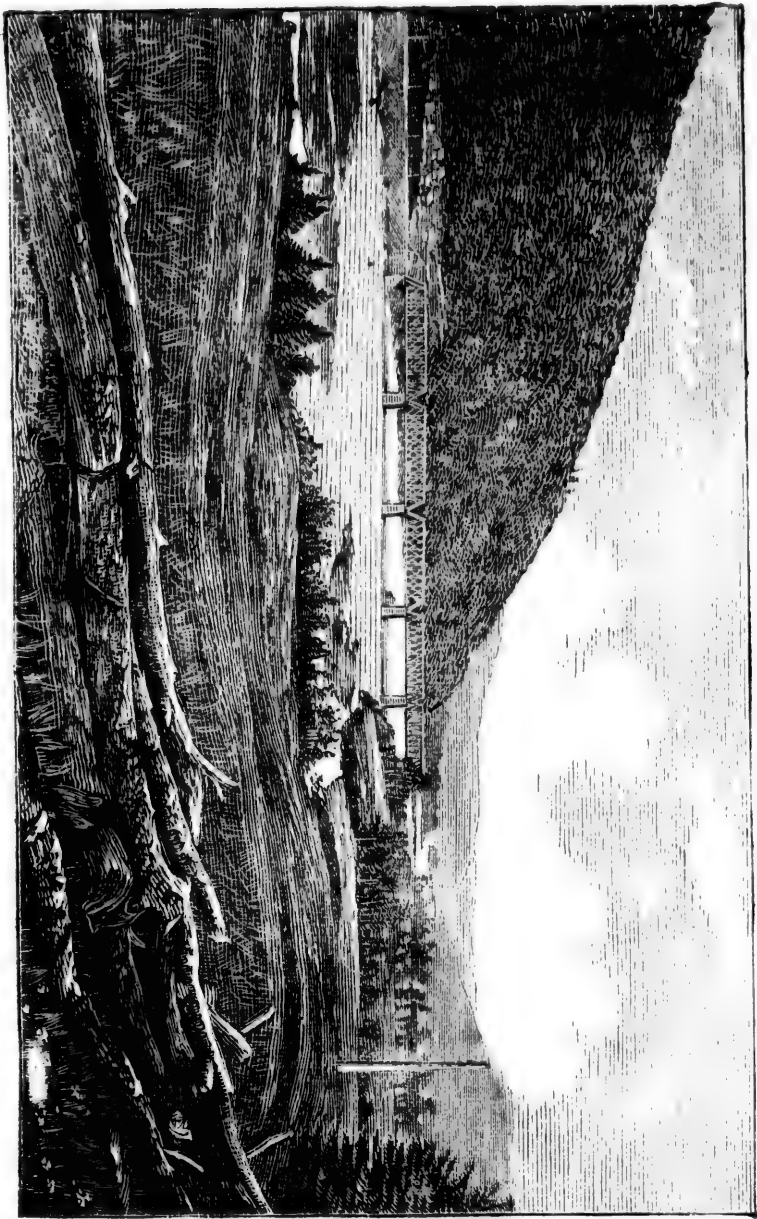
But we must hasten on and notice the principal points of interest to be seen along the central division of the road.

The Restigouche, which means "the River which divides like the Hand," in allusion to its separating at the head of tide into five principal branches, forms the northern boundary of New Brunswick on the south-west, separating it from the Province of Quebec. From the head of tide to its extreme source near Lake Temiscouata, the distance is 200 miles, and the main river with its tributaries drains an area of about 5,000 square miles of very fertile and well timbered country. Its five leading branches vary from fifty to seventy miles in length, and are known by the novel names of Metapedia or Musical River, Upsalguitch or Blanket River, Wetomkegewick or Large River, Mistouche or Little River, and Waagan or Knife River. Its entrance to the Baie des Chaleurs is three miles wide, and nine



CONFLUENCE OF METAPELIA AND RESTIGOUCHE.

fathoms deep. The scenery along its course is everywhere both grand and beautiful, especially in that portion where it forces its way through the mountain lands which give birth to the great streams of New Brunswick and those of the United States emptying into the Atlantic. Here the eagle unmolested builds its nest upon high cliffs; the bear and wildcat secrete themselves in caves and rocky fissures; the moose and cariboo browse upon their favorite food; and the salmon, fearless and free, reflect the sunshine in the deepest and darkest pools. The Restigouche is famous, the world over, for its fisheries; it may truly be called the Eldorado of the angler. A journey up the River is slow, owing to the very strong current which passes down its bed, but if the voyage up is tedious, the speed with which you return down will more than compensate for this drawback. It generally takes three days to reach the mouth of the Guatawamkedgwick, a distance of eighty miles, whereas one will suffice to accomplish the same distance returning. No one who visits the locality should fail to make the trip up the Restigouche. The wild grandeur of its scenery is beyond description. At many of the windings a general panoramic view is produced, impressing one with the idea of some mighty amphitheatre situated in the midst of Nature's wilds, which completely dazzles the eye with delight, and for the moment almost overcomes the mind with awe. As you stand



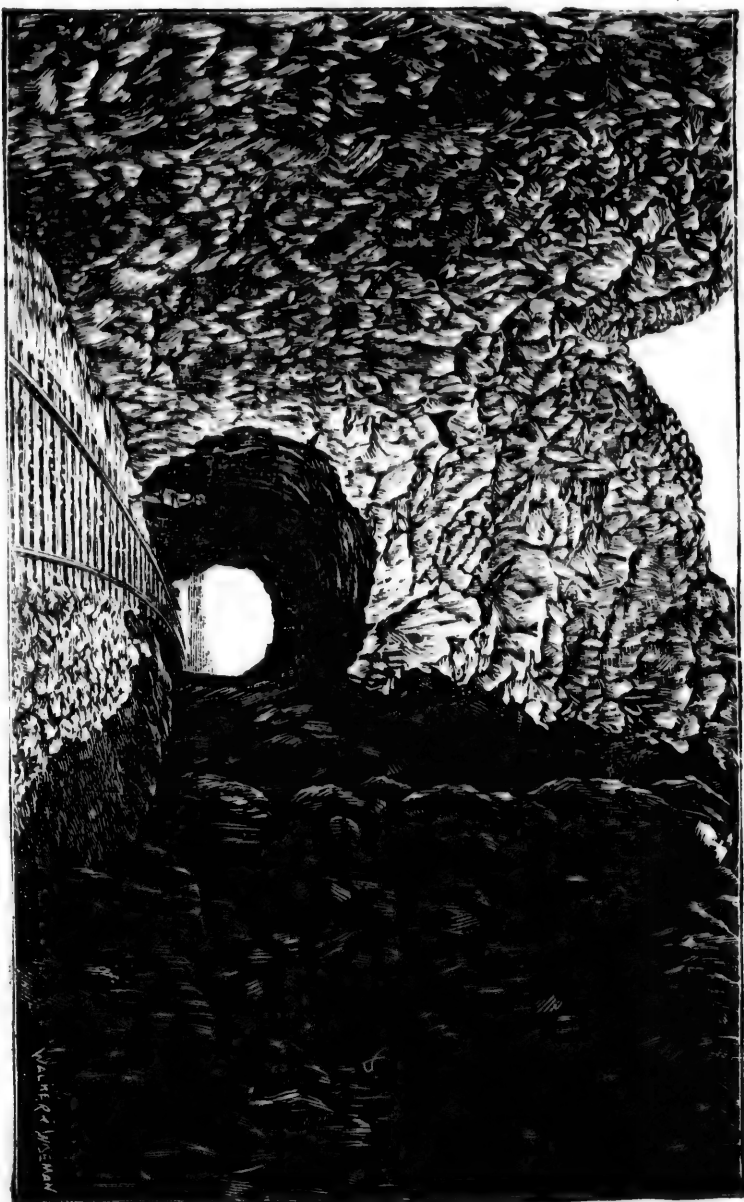
PRESTIGOTCHE BRIDGE.

on a mountain top, hundreds of miles from human habitation, and look into the eternity of space beneath and around you, a sense of extreme isolation and solitude creeps upon you, and you comprehend then the true meaning of the simple Anglo-Saxon word "alone," and your thoughts are unconsciously directed from the contemplation of Nature, decked in her wildest garb, to the contemplation of Nature's God.

" If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go the woods and hills."

A short distance below the point where the Metapedia joins the Restigouche, the river is crossed by a magnificent iron bridge, five spans of 204 feet each, its total length between abutments, being 1,050 feet. The iron work is from the establishment of the Phoenixville Bridge Company, Pennsylvania. Each span weighs 100 tons. The piers—four in number—and the abutments are built of granite, and if outward appearance can be taken as a criterion, they are of the most substantial character and highly creditable to the contractors. At the point where the bridge is constructed the current is very strong and rapid, and considerable difficulty was experienced in laying the foundation for the superstructure.

After crossing this bridge we enter New Brunswick territory. The scenery on the border is not so much



MORRISSEY ROCK TUNNEL.

WALTER H. H. H. H.

of the awe-inspiring Alpine character as that in the Metapedia Valley. It is a delicious admixture of hill and dale, forest and stream, with here and there a precipice, and in the distance cloud-capped mountains giving variety to the picture. The railroad from the Restigouche Bridge to Campbellton runs at the foot of a range of hills which slope down to the bank of the river. Very romantic indeed is the scenery on every hand throughout this section of the country. The hills, sloping gradually down to the water's edge in some places, or rising abruptly to an elevation of hundreds of feet in others, covered with every variety of tree indigenous to these latitudes, with the river in the valley below dotted with small islands, flowing calmly to its ocean home, form a picture, the recollection of which can never be effaced from the memory of the spectator. A short distance to the east of the bridge is a tunnel through Morrisey Rock, which projects from the mountain's side to the bank of the river. It is three hundred feet long, and is, we believe, the only tunnel through rock in the country. The intention, originally, was to remove the rock altogether, but the work was found to be so enormously heavy and expensive that the idea was abandoned.

Travelling eastwards, the first town reached is Campbellton, situated on the Restigouche, sixteen miles from its mouth. Some years ago large quantities of lumber were shipped from this Port, but recently the

bulk of the shipping business has been transferred to Dalhousie, further down the river, and comparatively few ocean vessels come up to Campbellton now. The town has, within the past few years, made rapid strides of progress. The completion of the Intercolonial has given an impetus to building operations, and trade generally has been stimulated by the increased transportation facilities provided for the inhabitants. The population is about 700, the majority of whom are either of Scotch, English or Irish descent. There are several hotels in the town, the principal being "Jardin's," about half a mile from the station, on the main street. Its trade in lumber is very considerable, and also in fish, particularly salmon, which is shipped chiefly to the Boston and New York markets fresh. The scenery around the town is bold, grand and striking. Immediately in rear of it a pyramid-shaped mountain rises to a height of 1,000 feet. From its summit a charming view of the surrounding country is obtained. On the opposite side of the river a narrow tract of level and very fertile land extends along its bank, and a number of small settlements may be seen here and there. In every direction the fishing is all that the most enthusiastic angler could possibly desire.

This is also one of the principal stations on the railway, having extensive buildings for the housing and repair of engines, cars, &c.

There is a large and commodious refreshment room



at Campbellton, where excellent meals are served. The refreshment rooms at Trois Pistoles, Campbelltown, Moncton, and Truro, are beyond doubt the best upon any railway on the continent.

Nine miles beyond Campbellton is Dalhousie Station. The scenery between these points is charming. Dalhousie is about six miles from the depot, at the entrance of the Restigouche into the Baie-des-Chaleurs. In front of the town is a well sheltered crescent-shaped cove with good anchorage ground for ships, in nine fathoms of water. Fine wharves and excellent timber coves have been constructed here, affording every convenience for loading the largest ships. The trade of the town is similar to that of all the other towns along the north shore—the manufacture and shipping of lumber, and the shipping of fish and lobsters, preserved and fresh. The Restigouche and its branches drain at least 5,000 square miles of fertile country, abounding in timber and other valuable resources, nearly the whole of which finds its way to the sea by the port of Dalhousie. Its population is about 1,000, mostly of Scotch and English descent, and retaining all the noble traits of character peculiar to the races from which they sprang. A few days residence here could be passed most enjoyably. The scenery is everywhere grand and picturesque; the rivers and lakes are full of salmon, and trout “rise” to almost anything. There are several well-kept hotels in the town, and a

number of very handsome churches. The great distance of the railway depot from the town causes considerable inconvenience, but, owing to the formidable engineering difficulties which had to be contended with, a nearer approach could not be made. It is fifty-two miles from Bathurst, ninety-seven from Chatham, one hundred and eighty from Shediac, two hundred and three from Fredericton, and two hundred and eighty-four from St. John.

Between Dalhousie and Bathurst the road runs along the Baie-des-Chaleurs, passing through a beautiful and well-cultivated farming country, crossing many lovely streams and affording frequent glimpses of the Bay. The scenery is everywhere most picturesque, and nothing can be more charming than a journey through the district during the summer or fall months. The settlements on the route are Charlo, New Mills, Jacquet River, Belledune and Petite Roche. The people of these settlements are generally in good circumstances; they have as much land as they want, the soil is very fertile, and excellent crops of wheat, oats, corn, &c., are raised, while the fisheries are a never failing source of wealth. All along the Baie-des-Chaleurs and near the mouths of the great rivers which flow into it, there are large stations at which the fish is landed and cured. At most of them there are huge refrigerators in which the salmon is sometimes kept for a long time in a fresh condition, pending a

favorable turn in the market. The fish-curing business is very profitable, and some of the persons engaged in it make immense fortunes. They buy up the salmon from the fishermen generally at about 7c. per pound, more or less, according to the catch, and forward large quantities to the Boston, New York and other American markets, where they get 40c. per pound for it, and some seasons more. A considerable quantity is also sent to Quebec, Montreal and other Canadian cities since the completion of the Intercolonial. The trade in dry cod and herrings is carried on also on a very extensive scale. The fish is caught in the bay, which is visited at certain periods of the year by immense shoals of them, in the Gulf and on the coast of Labrador. The fishermen are a brave and hardy race, and many are the dangers to which they are exposed in the pursuit of their avocation, and the occasions on which their powers of endurance are tested. Sometimes caught in storms, their boats are dashed against the treacherous rocks which exist in the Gulf, and if the occupants escape from a watery grave, they are often forced to live on a desert island for months, far away from human habitation. Icebergs, the dread of every mariner who navigates these latitudes, often also crush the frail craft which may chance to come within their reach, and these bold and adventurous toilers of the deep are helplessly left to perish in the Atlantic.

Jacquet and Belledune rivers, about half way between Dalhousie and Bathurst, are splendid salmon and trout streams. The former is fifty miles long, and runs through a district rich in all kinds of lumber, and renowned for the romantic grandeur of its scenery. There is a very good harbour at its mouth. At its head is Antiguri Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, where some excellent trout fishing can be had, the fish ranging in weight from a quarter to five pounds.

After traversing fifty-four miles of country rich in natural beauty and possessing numerous attractions for the admirers of picturesque scenery, and the lovers of the "Angling art," we reach Bathurst, the capital of the County of Gloucester. It is beautifully situated upon two points of land connected by a bridge at the mouth of the Nepissiquit River, and commands a picturesque view of Bathurst Bay and its islands. The Bay is three and-a-half miles long and two miles wide, and by nature has been sheltered from every wind. Along its undulating shores are scattered here and there pretty cottages and farms. The population of Bathurst has increased very considerably within the past few years, and is now estimated at 1,000. The people are thrifty, industrious and enterprising, evidences of which are visible on every side. Immense quantities of salmon are shipped every season to the United States, and quite an extensive trade in lumber is also carried on. Four rivers enter Bathurst harbor,

the principal being the Nepissiquit, which rises near the head waters of the Tobique, and is fully 100 miles long. It runs with great rapidity, and is celebrated for its fine large salmon. Apart from the gloom and grandeur of the mountain scenery, at its source and along its many lovely tributaries, it can boast of falls and rapids which are extremely interesting. From these rapids it derives its name, which means the "Foamy River." No visitor to Bathurst, whether in search of the grand and beautiful in nature, or in pursuit of that excitement and sport attendant upon angling, should fail to make the ascent of the Nepissiquit. There is a good carriage road along the course of the river from the town. A three miles drive brings us to the first pool on the river, at "Rough Waters." Here splendid fishing can be had. The fishery overseer charges \$1.00 per day for the privilege of fishing at this pool. At Papineau Falls, a few miles further up, and also at Giddle Landing and at Chain of Rocks you can catch as many salmon as you wish. The scenery at the Falls is superb. The rocky bed of the river, the fall of thirty feet, the steep precipices rising to a height of over a hundred feet, and the gloomy pits at their base, make a picture well worth seeing. But we must ascend still higher up to obtain a view of the wildest and most magnificent scene on the river—we mean Grand Falls, which are twenty miles from Bathurst—and which, it would seem, nature deemed so beautiful

that she encased them in flint and granite. For miles above and below the cataract, the river is very much contracted, the banks rocky and perpendicular, and the water comes tumbling down over four rugged precipices into deep dark pools, whose over-hanging sides, reeking with spray and adorned with foliage, seem as if about to totter over upon the spectator. For about a mile below there are a number of pools and rapids, whose fascinating features are greatly enhanced by the blending together at some places of the black waters and the white foam. The Grand Falls are 140 feet high, and form an effectual barrier to the farther progress of the salmon, large numbers of which congregate in the basin below. At Bathurst the river is crossed by a large iron bridge of six spans, 100 feet each, supported by five piers and two abutments of granite. The iron work is of English manufacture, and presents an exceedingly handsome and substantial appearance.

While at Bathurst, the Tête-à-Gauche River should be visited. It is twenty-five miles long, winding in its course, and runs over a rocky bottom. It has several picturesque rapids, and the scenery along its course is exceedingly fine. First rate trout and salmon fishing can be had on it. The curious plant known as *Myra Cerifera*, which yields a whitish wax, out of which the Acadians make candles, is to be found in abundance along its banks.

From Bathurst to Miramichi, forty-four miles, the country is undulating, the vegetation rich and varied, and the scenery very attractive. The settlements in the district are Red Pine, Bartiboque and Beaver Brook.

Newcastle, our next stopping place, is pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill, on the left bank of the Miramichi, about thirty miles above its mouth, and is the capital of the County of Northumberland. It is quite an old town, having been founded by the original French settlers in the Province. In the year 1825 one of the most remarkable conflagrations of the present century occurred, which resulted in the loss of many valuable lives and the destruction of an immense amount of property. The summer had been unusually hot and dry, and extensive fires had raged in different parts of the country. In the northern portion of New Brunswick particularly, scarcely any rain had fallen during the season, and the heat from the first to the fifth of October was extraordinary—86° in the shade and 126° in the sun.

The fires, which had been creeping through the forest, approached some settlements, enveloping them in smoke, and causing the heat to become almost unbearable. On the seventh of October, the fire reached Newcastle, spread with lightning rapidity, and in a few hours the town was a smoking ruin, with scarcely a house standing, and not one uninjured. Many were in

bed when they heard the alarm, many were first startled by the flames, or were suffocated in their sleep, leaving no vestige but charred bones; others leaped from roofs or windows, and rushed into the forest, not knowing whither they went. In the river, numbers who had attempted to escape in boats and on planks, were drowned. While the fire was raging, a hurricane arose, and so fearfully fierce was it, that the burning trees were torn from their roots and whirled aloft; the ships in the river and channel were driven about like chaff and dashed against the rocks. So hot did the water become that it is said large numbers of salmon and other fish leaped on shore, and were afterwards found dead in heaps along the banks of the river. In an historical sketch of Acadia by Mr. John R. Hamilton, there is embodied the following graphic description of this most stupendous conflagration: "A roar as of thunder came from the forest, and a column of smoke shot up, followed by blaze on blaze, and then a burst of fire like the eruption of a volcano. The flames fell in a shower, which the gale blew wide, hurling them almost like darts, and here they might be seen on the tops of trees, there glaring in the branches, there running up or down the banks, or from base and summit at once. The smoke blew back on the unkindled woods, making them darker than before, blacker than the blackest night, and the fire raged in the middle, imaging the mouth of hell. Blazes gleamed at the

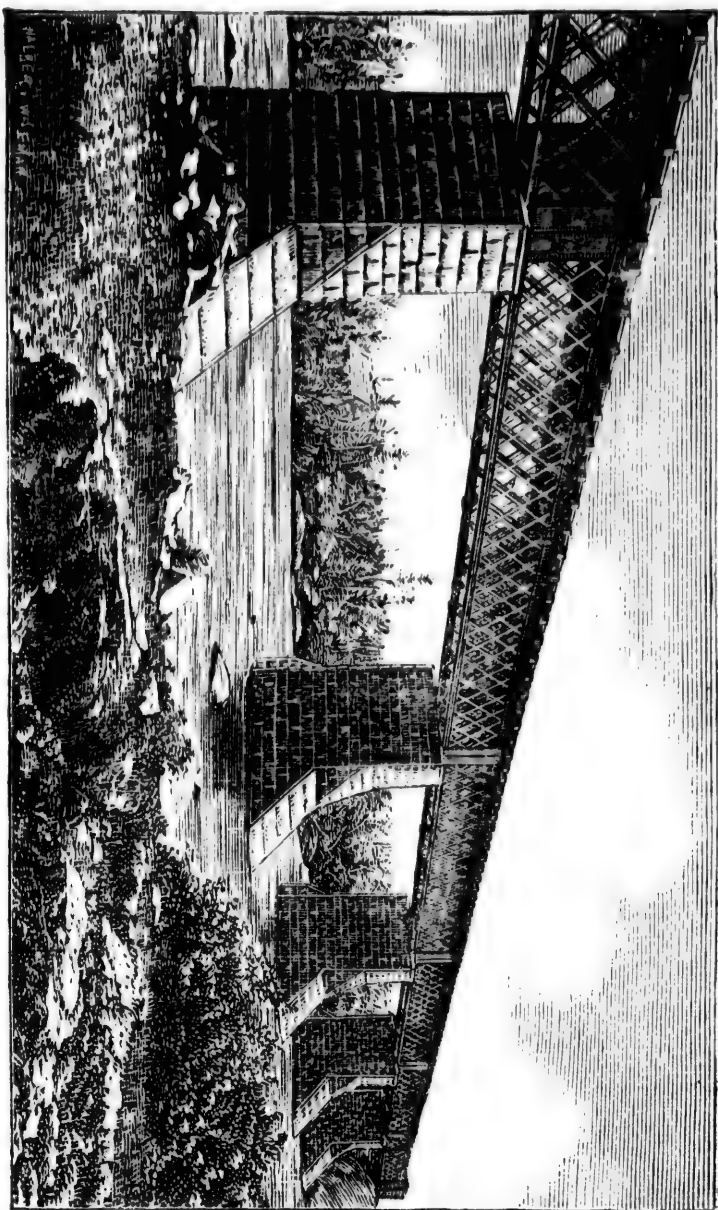


sides, behind, in the depths of the woods, on the river's brink; trees of centuries' growth lit up in the midst of the darkness; fire rained down from above, soared up from below, spread from the centre, closed in from the distance; it burst in a hundred eruptions, mounting, declining and mounting again, throwing up sparks, falling in showers or sheets, or glaring in mid-air; the river was crimson with the reflection; the clouds took the form of flames; the very heavens seemed on fire. The gale burst into a hurricane, tore through the town, wrenched trees up by their roots, and carried strong men off their feet. Horses broke from the fields and galloped about in troops, snorting and neighing, their eyes starting from their heads and their manes on end, while the wind swelled the clatter of their hoofs to the rush of hosts. All this occurred almost instantaneously and inspired the people with an impression akin to the spectacle—that it was the day of judgment. They threw themselves upon their faces in the streets to shut out the scene, seeming to make the appeal to the mountains and hills to fall upon them, and it did seem a burning world with the fire raging like a sea, in mountainous waves, the sky glowing like a furnace, the hurricane breaking in peals and crashes, and the scorched air flapping as with a million of wings."

Nearly three hundred persons perished either by fire or drowning; five hundred and ninety-five buildings

and eight hundred and seventy-five head of cattle were destroyed, and over six thousand square miles of country were swept by the flames. The total loss to property was estimated at £204,323 stg., and the value of lumber burned at £500,000. Contributions were received from England, the United States and the neighboring colonies for the relief of the sufferers by this awful conflagration, and the town was shortly rebuilt in a more beautiful and substantial manner than before. Newcastle is one of the most pleasant places in which to spend a few days in the whole of the northern part of the Province. The people are for the most part of English, Scotch or Irish extraction, and retain the best and noblest features characteristic of those gallant races. If they know you to be a descendant of the same race as themselves, they will call upon you at your hotel, invite you to their houses, bestow upon you every possible kindness, and place at your disposal every facility for enjoying yourself whilst among them. The trade of Newcastle is quite extensive—larger than that of any other town in New Brunswick, outside of St. John. The average yearly exports of deals and boards amount to 150,000,000 feet, while the trade in fish, particularly in salmon, is very extensive. Ship building is largely engaged in, in the neighborhood of the town, but most of the ships are employed in foreign trade, and often never visit Newcastle after they leave, although they are owned

there. Almost every body in the town and vicinity is in some way interested in the large fleet of merchant shipping which hails from the port. There are fourteen steam saw mills on the river, nine water saw mills, eight grist mills, and three carding mills. In the vicinity, and within easy access, there are some splendid freestone and granite quarries, but comparatively few of the residences are built of these materials, the most of them being of wood, which is preferred for its cheapness. Newcastle is destined some day to become a town of very considerable importance, being located in the very centre of an unrivalled lumbering and agricultural country, and through which flow some of the finest salmon rivers in the world. Being an inland seaport, with an excellent harbour, and in close proximity to Halifax, whose harbour is never obstructed by ice, with its superior transportation facilities, its trade and commerce will doubtless increase rapidly within the next few years. Its enterprising inhabitants, in view of its manifest destiny, should inaugurate a movement to dispense with wood and shingles, as the principal materials of building, and adopt stone, which is so plentiful on every side, and which would add so greatly to the beauty and stability of its buildings, besides being a better protection against fire, which has committed such dreadful ravages, not only in New Brunswick, but in all parts of the Dominion where wood is largely



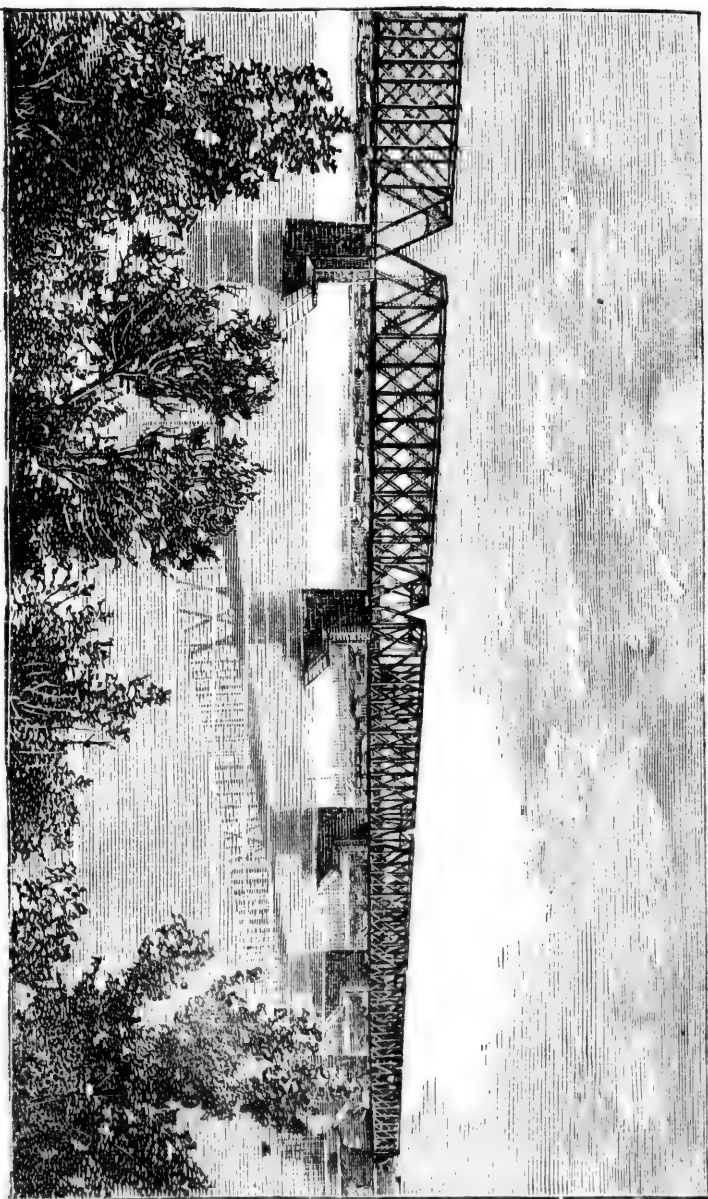
NEPISISQUT BRIDGE, N. B.

employed for building purposes. The extract factory and the steam tannery—the former owned by Messrs. J. & J. Millar & Co., and the latter by Mr. John Niven, one of the best-hearted Scotchmen that we have ever met—do a very extensive business, and give employment to a large number of men. There are five churches in the town, six schools, a court house and jail, a masonic hall, a mechanics' institute and a temperance hall. To the credit of the people of Newcastle be it said that they are so peaceable and orderly that it is not necessary to employ a single policeman. There are several hotels in the place, but the best is the "Waverly," kept by Mr. Stewart, a genial Scotchman, who is always indefatigable in his efforts to make those who patronize him comfortable. Mr. Stewart has resided in Newcastle for many years, and being acquainted with every "nook and corner" about the place, will be found a valuable and reliable authority to consult as to the best points for angling on the rivers, and the proper kinds of flies, &c., to be used.

The tourist will, as a matter of course, ascend the great Miramichi River, on the bank of which Newcastle is situated. It derives its name from the Micmac Indians, and its meaning is "happy retreat," by no means an inappropriate name as far as anglers are concerned. It is one of the largest rivers in the Province, being 220 miles long; its mouth is fully nine miles wide. The tide flows up forty miles from the

Gulf. The land on both sides is fertile, but the scenery is not very impressive. The farmers' cottages, scattered along its entire length, present a cheerful and comfortable appearance. The river is navigable for large sized ships two miles above Newcastle, where it is crossed by the two finest and largest bridges on the Intercolonial. At this point there is a small island in the centre of the river, which divides it into what are known as the north-west and south-west branches. The bridge over the north-west branch consists of six spans of 202 feet each, supported on five piers, the body of which is of freestone and the quoins and copings of granite. Great difficulty was experienced in laying the foundation of the mason work, owing to the rapidity of the current and the peculiar formation of the bed of the river. The iron work was constructed by the Phoenixville Bridge Company of Pennsylvania, and is acknowledged, for beauty of design, strength and durability, to be as near perfection as it is possible to attain. The south-west bridge is after the same style and of the same dimensions as the north-west structure. They are three-quarters of a mile apart. The Miramichi is navigable for small schooners twenty to twenty-five miles above the bridge, and for canoes forty to fifty miles further up. The first ship that entered the Miramichi was the frigate which took the remains of General Wolfe from Quebec to England in 1759, a storm having driven her in for

safety. The various branches of the river are celebrated for their splendid salmon and trout. A fish breeding establishment has been erected by the Government on Stewart's brook, one of its tributaries. The Miramichi itself abounds with salmon, sturgeon, cod fish, mackerel, herring, bass, shad, trout, smelts, lobsters, oysters, &c., &c. Its tributaries, which are very numerous, range in length from eighteen to one hundred miles; the principal are Cains, Baie-du-vin, Nappan, Bartibogue, Renous, Bartholemew and Black rivers. The south-west or main branch of the Miramichi rises in a lake a short distance from the Tobique, a river running into the St. John, and flowing with great rapidity over a shingley and rocky bed in an easterly course. It rolls into the Gulf of St. Lawrence through a large and beautiful bay, in latitude  $47^{\circ} 5''$  N. longitude  $64^{\circ} 53''$  W. In the immediate vicinity of its source there are three or four lakes; about ninety miles from its head it becomes considerably expanded in consequence of the number of small rivulets running into it. The north-west branch joins the main river about thirty-five miles from its mouth. It rises in highlands bordering on the east side of the Nepissisquit, with which it is connected by a short portage leading to the falls, and runs in a calcareous and rather rocky channel. It is ninety miles long, and receives in its course several large tributaries, of which the principal are the Little River, the Tomog-



NORTH-WEST MIRAMICHI BRIDGE.



gonips, Portage River [Great and Little Sewogle, and the Little South-West. Most of these rivers proceed from lakes, and are navigable for canoes during the summer.

The best salmon fishing grounds on the Miramichi begin at a point nearly 100 miles from its mouth, and are reached by stage from Newcastle to Boiestown, sixty miles distant. On all large rivers the best pools are generally found near the mouths of brooks and larger tributaries which enter the main stream. This is the case in the Miramichi; anglers will find the best fishing at Salmon Brook, Rocky Brook, Clear Water Brook, and Burnt Hill Brook, which are about ten miles apart. While at Newcastle the tourist should not fail to visit the Tabusintac River, thirty miles from the town. Here you can catch as many sea trout as you wish. Carriages can be hired in the town, which will convey you to Harris' Hotel, where you hire a canoe, a team of horses and a driver. After enjoying the hospitality of Harris' establishment you start down the stream, the horses hauling the canoe through the shallow water at a rate of speed which sometimes makes it rather uncomfortable for the occupants, as they are occasionally in danger of getting capsized or swamped. Eight miles below the hotel you reach "Big Hole," the best pool on the river. Here the trout are so plentiful that they fairly darken the water. Every cast is successful. The fish range in weight

from two to six pounds. The trip to the Tabusintac costs \$7.00,—\$1.00 per day for the privilege of fishing, and \$6.00 for team, canoe and driver.

Opposite Newcastle is the small village of Nelson, with a population of about 300. It contains one church, a number of stores, and several saw mills.

Between Newcastle and Chatham, a steamer runs four times a day. Chatham is worthy of a visit. It is beautifully situated on the south bank of the river, and is the largest and most enterprising town on the north shore. Its principal sources of wealth are the fish, lumber and shipbuilding trades. Its streets are lighted with gas, and it contains several handsome buildings, including a Roman Catholic Cathedral, an hospital and college, four churches, masonic and temperance halls, printing and telegraph offices, &c., and a number of steam mills, foundries and shipyards. Millions of feet of lumber, and immense quantities of fish, are annually shipped from it. It has an excellent harbour, accommodating vessels of the largest tonnage. A branch railway to connect the town with the Intercolonial, about nine miles long, has been constructed. Chatham is the largest and most thriving town in the Miramichi district. It has a population of about 9,000, and counts among its leading citizens names well known in England as the largest and most influential shippers of lumber in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

A line of steamers connects Newcastle with Redbank on the north-west, and Blackwell on the south-west branches of the Miramichi, both of which will repay a visit, if you have time.

Leaving Newcastle we pass through an almost level and uninteresting country to Moncton, seventy-eight miles distant. This region is rich in timber resources, which will doubtless, at no distant day, attract considerable attention. The soil is said to be fertile, and a few settlers are locating along the route, and devoting themselves to clearing the land bordering on the railroad. There are eight stations in the district—Chatham Junction, Barnaby River, Forest, Ferris, Welford Coal Branch, Canaan and Berry's Mills, all situated amidst a dense forest. At Welford a few new buildings are being constructed, and several acres of land are being prepared for cultivation. On the Barnaby river some good salmon and trout fishing can be had. It rises near the source of the Kouchibouguac in the County of Kent, and, together with several considerable branches, discharges into the Miramichi, about forty-five miles from the Gulf.



## CHAPTER V.

### MONCTON TO HALIFAX.

Moncton, the head-quarters of the Intercolonial Railway, is beautifully situated on a fertile plain at the head of the Petitcodiac River. This river is about 100 miles long; is navigable twenty-five miles for vessels of the largest size, and for schooners of sixty to eighty tons burthen for twelve miles further, to the head of tide. Above the head of tide it is navigable for boats and canoes fully fifty miles. The Petitcodiac is an important fertilizer to the rich and extensive marshes which skirt its banks, causing them to produce abundant crops of hay for the past 100 years, without any other aid. The stream is of considerable commercial importance. From Hillsborough, a port on its banks, the celebrated Albert coal is shipped, and a few miles further up there are extensive wharves, where large quantities of plaster of Paris, of superior quality, are annually shipped. The Petitcodiac is fed by numerous smaller streams or creeks—the Weldon Creek, Stoney Creek, Coverdale River and Pollett River—all abounding with trout and small salmon. Large quantities of shad are taken yearly in the Petitcodiac. Moncton, which not many years ago was but

a straggling village, has, since the removal of the Railway offices into it, developed itself with a rapidity which can only be witnessed in the case of American towns and cities. It has now a population of about 5,000, a large proportion of whom are connected with the Railroad and its extensive works in the locality. The Railway work-shops cover an area of fully seventy acres, and consist of three immense buildings, where the rolling stock and all the material for the equipment of the road are manufactured. The general offices of the Intercolonial are situated a few steps behind the depot. The building is four storeys high, with a freestone front, and presents a very handsome and substantial appearance. In Moncton there are six hotels, the best being the "Queen's," situated on the main street, about a quarter of a mile from the station, and the "Royal," a very fine building also on the main street, and about 200 yards from the station. In both these establishments the table is always provided with every delicacy of the season, and they will be found fully equal, in every respect, to any hotels of the same pretensions in the Metropolitan Cities of the Dominion. At the station there is a first-class restaurant kept by Mr. Sangster, formerly of St. John, N. B. Meals are here always ready on the arrival of passenger trains. The town contains several churches, a number of stores, a printing office issuing a weekly newspaper—the *Moncton Times*—two

branch banks, a telegraph office, and manufactories of iron castings, steam engines, machinery, tobacco, leather, wooden ware, &c. The Petitcodiac River is crossed by a large and handsome wooden bridge. The tides of the Bay of Fundy, into which this river falls, have always attracted much attention, on account of their great ebb and flow, and the manner in which the tide enters the narrow bays and runs up the rivers, both in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The tidal wave enters the Bay of Fundy at its wide tunnel-like mouth, is kept from spreading by its rocky walls, and is gradually forced into a narrow bed, where the waters rise with great rapidity, rushing up at the head of the bays and up the river channels, in what is called a "bore," sometimes five to six feet in height. At the bend of the Petitecodiac, near Moncton, this phenomenon can be seen to the greatest advantage, particularly at the height of the spring tide. The tides rise at their highest to about sixty feet at the head of the bay, and from twenty to twenty-six at the head of the St. John River. The scenery around Moncton is rather tame, but in the interior it is of a wild and romantic character. The fishing in the neighbourhood does not amount to much, there being comparatively few streams on which salmon can be caught, but trout is plentiful, and of fine flavour, ranging from a quarter to four pounds in weight.

Leaving Moncton we travel for a short distance

over an apparently fertile plain, at the end of which there is a small but beautiful valley on the slope of the ridge to the north. The road runs on an embankment of considerable height. After passing this valley we come again upon level ground. The Petiteodiac flows alongside the track in an easterly direction, carrying with it thousands of logs down to the mills on its banks, where they are sawn and prepared for shipment. The river is soon lost sight of, and we enter a thickly wooded district, where no settlements are visible. In some places the forest has been destroyed by bush fires, and the bare and charred trunks and branches present a weird aspect as they rise among clusters of trees, green with foliage. After traversing a few miles, with nothing particularly striking to be seen, we get into a well cleared country, well settled, with neat and comfortable looking cottages scattered here and there on both sides of the track. On the left hand side we pass a small sheet of water, which the natives call "Upper Pond." A short distance beyond this is Painsec Junction, where the road branches off to Point-du-Chene.

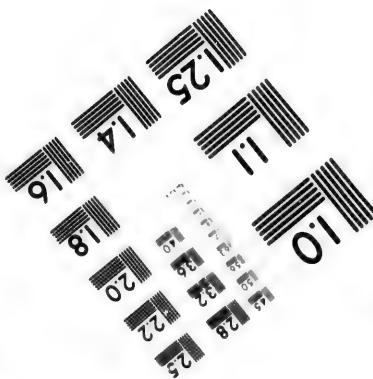
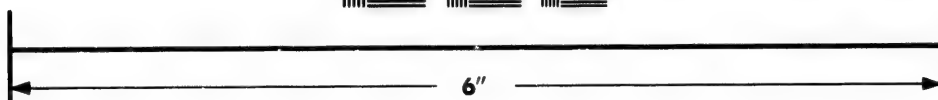
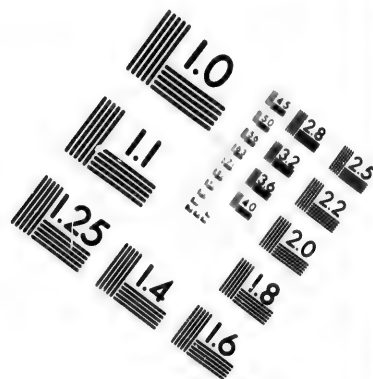
This branch is only eleven miles long. The first station we come to is Dorchester Road—a small French settlement about five miles south-west of Shediac.

Shediac is a thriving town, situated at the mouth of a river of the same name, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

It has a tolerably good harbor and does a fair trade. The population is about 1,000. It contains a telegraph office, a printing office, several stores, six hotels, three churches, a number of mills, and a large boot and shoe factory. There are some pleasant drives round the harbor. On Casey's Cape there is a revolving light, and on Shediac Island, at the entrance to the harbor, there are two permanent lights. On the Shediac River some good trout fishing can be had. Weldon's is the principal hotel in the village. It is a three-storey wooden building, located opposite the station. The "Waverley" also bears the reputation of being a very good house.

Point-du-Chene is the terminus of the branch, and is two miles beyond Shediac. The population is small, and consists principally of wharf hands and railway employés. Here, during the season of navigation, connections are made with steamers of the "Prince Edward Island Steam Navigation Company" to and from Charlottetown, P.E.I., and Canso, Port Hood, and other places in Nova Scotia. The Quebec and Gulf Ports Steamship Company's steamers to and from Montreal, Quebec and all ports on the St. Lawrence also connect, during the summer months. The scenery along the Shediac branch of the Intercolonial is not particularly striking; the soil, however, is good, and the district is thickly settled, principally by French Canadians.





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Returning to Painsec, we resume our journey eastwards.

The first station we reach is Weldon Brook, a small settlement surrounded on every hand by a dense forest. In the intervening district patches of land are being cleared and prepared for cultivation, but at present there is little to be seen in this locality to interest the traveller. A few miles to the east the country presents a more picturesque appearance. Hills and dales—the former clothed with every variety of tree indigenous to the latitude, the latter mantled with cereal crops waving gently in the breeze—burst upon the view of the traveller in rapid succession, while occasionally we catch glimpses of the Memramcook River, as it flows in a serpentine course to the Shepody Bay, an arm of the Bay of Fundy. On its banks may be seen here and there some flourishing French Acadian settlements.

The village of Memramcook is situated in a well-cultivated district, twenty miles from Moncton. It has a population of about 300, mostly French. Ship-building is engaged in to a considerable extent. It contains a large Roman Catholic church, and a handsome college, four storeys high, built of freestone.

For some miles beyond Memramcook the natural features of the country are the same as on the north side of that village. As we approach Dorchester, however, the country becomes more hilly. A moun-

tain range of considerable height runs on the north side, while to the south an elevated plateau, interspersed with numerous small vales, stretches away as far as the eye can see.

Dorchester, the capital of the County of Westmoreland, is situated on the left bend of the Petitcodiac River, near its entrance into Shepody Bay. The river is navigable for ships of the largest capacity, and Dorchester is becoming a place of importance. Besides the county buildings, it contains a number of stores and ~~vast~~ three churches and a telegraph office. In the vicinity a valuable mineral, which by some is designated "jet coal," and by others considered pure asphaltum, has been discovered, and is being vigorously worked. The mineral is of a brilliant black colour, highly inflammable, and yields a large quantity of gas of great illuminating power. A branch of the railway, about a mile long, leads to an extensive wharf, where large quantities of coal are shipped from the Spring Hill Mines in Nova Scotia. On the opposite side of the river are Rockland and Hopewell villages, in the neighbourhood of which are extensive freestone quarries, from which large quantities are shipped, particularly from the Caledonia Quarry. In the latter village quite a large shipbuilding trade is carried on. The scenery here is very attractive. Leaving Dorchester we pass through twelve miles of thickly-wooded country to Sackville, a seaport town

in Westmoreland County, situated on a plain at the head of the Bay of Fundy, and surrounded by a range of mountains of moderate elevation. It is the seat of the Mount Allison College, under the direction of the Wesleyan Conference of the Maritime Provinces, and contains eight churches, two hotels, a tannery, several mills and stores, an iron foundry and two newspaper offices. Shipbuilding is engaged in to a considerable extent.

A short distance below the station the river is crossed by a large iron bridge, constructed on the same principle as the others on the Intercolonial Railway.

Beyond this the country is comparatively level, well drained and very fertile.

Aulac is the next station on our route. The settlement stretches over an extensive tract of first-class farming land, which yields very large crops of cereals &c. The ruins of fortifications erected by the French to resist the attack of the British troops, in the happily long bye-gone days of warfare between England and France, may be seen at Aulac. Here we sight the Bay of Fundy, with the waves dashing furiously against the exposed cliffs along its shore, and also the district through which it is proposed to construct the Baie Verte Canal. The Massisquash is crossed near Aulac by a one span bridge of 100 feet. This stream forms a part of the division line between the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and enters

into the Cumberland basin through the Westmoreland marshes.

Travelling for a few miles through a well-settled district, we reach Amherst, formerly known as Fort Lawrence, a seaport of Nova Scotia and the capital of Cumberland County. It is pleasantly situated on an arm of Cumberland Bay, and has quite a large trade, especially in lumber and shipbuilding. The population is about 2,000. Besides the county and railway buildings, Amherst contains about thirty-five stores, several churches and hotels, mills and factories, two tanneries, a printing office issuing a weekly newspaper, a telegraph office and a branch bank. The ruins of the fortifications in the vicinity of the town, constructed during the conflict between the English and French for the possession of the country, are worthy of a visit.

Leaving Amherst the road runs for a few miles through a thickly-wooded tract of country, with patches here and there in process of being cleared and prepared for cultivation. A short distance further on we pass over a pretty plain, marshy in some parts, intersected by a small stream, which is crossed by a one-span bridge.

The next point of importance on the route is Maccan, situated on the bank of a river of the same name, at a considerable distance from the station. The population is about 300. It contains a woollen

mill, a tannery, several stores and a telegraph office. In its neighbourhood there are some excellent coal mines, which are still comparatively undeveloped, but which will, no doubt, after the depression now pervading all branches of commerce disappears, attract considerable attention. There are several fine residences in the village and its vicinity. About a mile below the station there is a shipbuilding yard, out of which a number of vessels is annually turned.

The scenery along the route beyond Maccan is exceedingly grand and picturesque. Four miles to the east of the village we pass a beautiful little lake, surrounded on every side by a thick forest. Here some good trout-fishing can be had. The scenery along this part of the route is very fine, and will not fail to afford enjoyment to the pleasure-seeker. In some parts the features of the country are, in boldness and picturesque ruggedness, similar to the Highlands of Scotland. The wooded hills in the distance, the beautiful valleys and fertile plains between them carefully cleared, but with here and there a cluster of trees spared by the farmer's axe to add to the beauty of the landscape, the murmuring brook by the way-side, the majestic river beyond, flowing gently through a dense forest and the Bay of Fundy stretching far away to the east, gleaming in the sun—all form parts of a picture unequalled for its loveliness, and upon which the most prosaic spectator cannot gaze without

experiencing that pleasurable satisfaction produced by the wonderful works of Nature, as seen in their primeval aspect, unadorned by human artifice.

Athol, a straggling village, is the next place reached. The land around the station has apparently been very recently cleared, it being still covered with charred stumps. Beyond the station the land along the railway track is beautifully cleared, and under cultivation. Here there are several deep cuttings through solid rock, after passing which we enter a thick forest, extending for some miles up to Spring Hill, a small settlement in Cumberland County. In its vicinity there are extensive coal beds, which are being worked by a joint-stock company.

Leaving Spring Hill, we pass through a woody district, some parts of which are in process of being prepared for cultivation, and a few miles further on we catch a glimpse of a pretty valley, enclosed on both sides by mountain ranges of moderate altitude. This valley is being cleared, and will, no doubt, be some day the scene of a large settlement, it being in close proximity to the railway, and situated amidst lovely surroundings. On an elevated plateau to the east of the valley there is a very pretty settlement, with comfortable-looking farmhouses and cottages scattered here and there throughout it.

River Phillip is a short distance beyond. It is a small settlement, with a population of only about



150. The country around it presents a charming appearance, abounding with small streams and rivers, in which excellent fishing can be had. The Phillip River, on the banks of which the settlement is situated, and from which it derives its name, falls into the Strait of Northumberland, at the mouth of Pugwash harbor. It is navigable for vessels of twenty-two to sixty tons burthen seven or eight miles, and for boats and canoes over twenty miles. On its banks are some fine freestone quarries; limestone is also abundant; alewives and salmon, as well as other migratory fish, abound in its waters.

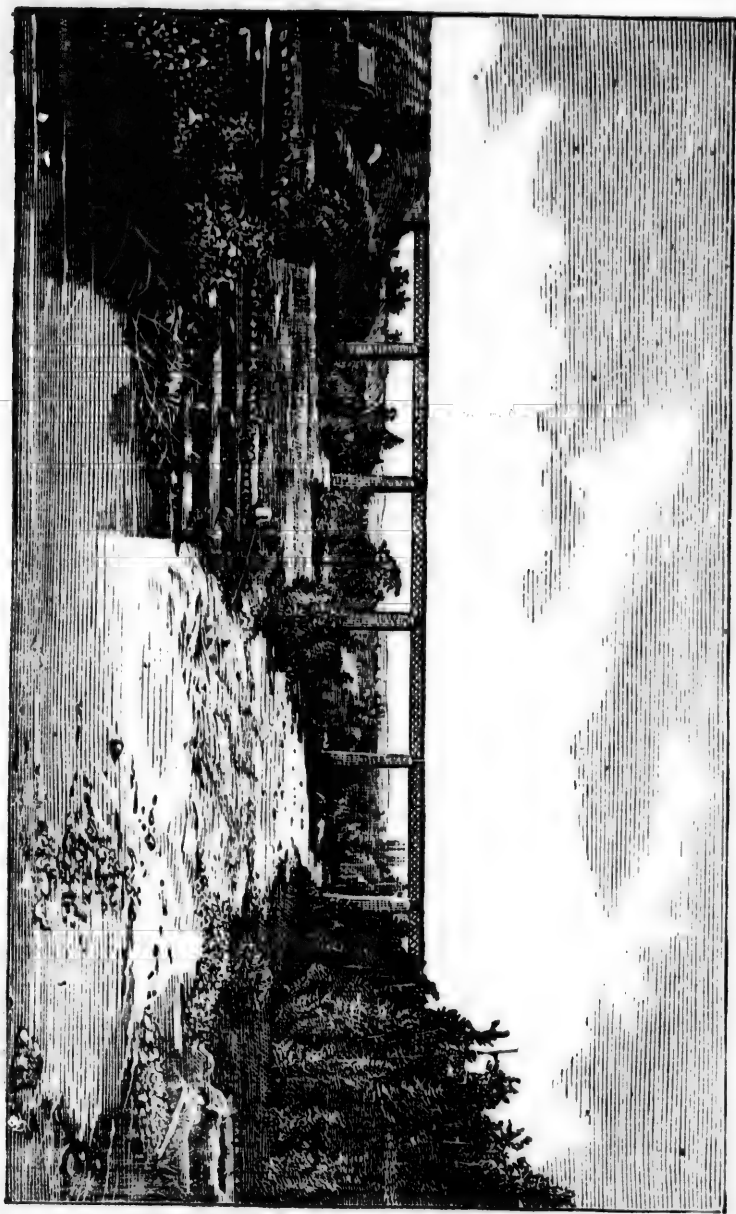
Travelling eastwards we pass through an undulating and wooded district, skirted by lofty mountain ranges, whose peaks are enveloped in a bluish vapour. At Oxford—a small but enterprising village on the route, having wooden-edge tool and wooden ware factories, and several saw mills—the country becomes more level and more suitable for agricultural purposes. The scenery is everywhere attractive. At this point we begin to ascend the Cobequid Hills, passing Thomson, Grenville and Wentworth, thriving settlements on our route. This conspicuous range seems to divide the Bay of Fundy into two great forks, the most northerly one some fifty miles in length, and terminating in the Cumberland Basin, at the head of which is the town of Amherst; the more southerly fork not less than eighty miles in length, from

Cape Chigreeto to the head of Minas Basin at Truro. The hills range in altitude from 800 to 1,000 feet above the level of the sea; they extend almost due east and west from Truro to a total length of about 100 miles, and to a breadth averaging about ten or twelve miles. The road runs in an irregular course on the brow of the range, reaching the highest elevation at Folly Lake, which is 600 feet above the sea. The prevailing geological formations in the Cobequid Hills are granite, perphyry, and clay slate in the upper portions; above the shores of the bay, limas, and on the northern side, the formation is of the red-stone and the coal measures. The range abounds with the most valuable minerals, of which a large mass of specular iron ore, of unequalled richness, occurs close to the line; and with the facilities provided for the carriage of coals to the spot, we have no doubt the varied resources of the region will soon attract the attention of capitalists. The Folly Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, with an irregular shore. It is one and-a-half miles long, and ranges in width from fifty to 500 yards. In its neighbourhood is another small lake, in the midst of a thick forest. In both lakes good trout fishing can be had. After passing Folly Lake we descend by a steep grade to a level country, which is reached a short distance beyond Londonderry. The distance over the Cobequid Hills is the most interesting, indeed, we might

say also the most exciting that can possibly be traversed. Six hundred feet above the level of the sea, on the brow of an almost perpendicular mountain range, looking down into the deep valley below, with its steep boundaries, and the Wallace River running impetuously through it into the distant Gulf of St. Lawrence; occasionally catching a glimpse of the deep blue waters of the Bay of Fundy, and the beautiful towns and villages situated romantically along its shores, is a situation as fascinating, and, at the same time, as hazardous, as the most ardent admirer of scenery and the most callous scare-crow in pursuit of adventure could possibly desire to be placed in. On every hand, and as far as the eye can see, the scenery is bold, varied, and highly impressive.

The most important of the several iron bridges on this division is that over the River Folly, with six spans of one hundred feet, eighty-two feet in height from the bed of the river, a striking structure, built of durable sandstone of various colours. The foundations are on rock. It spans the eastern portion of the valley at this place. A long, narrow ridge, about fifty feet high, divides the valley of the Folly from that of a smaller stream. This second valley, eighty feet deep, is crossed by a solid embankment, the stream being diverted through a tunnel into the Folly.

Londonderry, Debert and Ishgonish, are small but



FOLLY VIADUCT, N. S.

thriving settlements on the Halifax side of the Cobequid Hills. At Londonderry, which is situated on the north side of the Cobequid Bay, the ship-building trade is carried on to a considerable extent. The Acadian Charcoal Iron Company have their works here. This valuable property has lately been purchased by an English Company, which is building two large blast furnaces for the manufacture of pig iron, each being capable of turning out 20,000 tons of pig a year. They are also building about ten miles of railroad to connect their deposits of ore with the furnaces; also steel works, foundries, &c. This promises to be a very large and important industry; and, when fully completed, will have cost nearly £300,000 sterling. Debert is located on the bank of a river of the same name, which rises in the Cobequid Hills, and at whose source there are several small lakes abounding with speckled trout. Ishgonish is a good farming district, well watered; around the settlements rabbits exist in tremendous numbers. A local firm carries on a large rabbit-preserving trade. The game is canned and shipped to England, labelled "Preserved Hare." We don't think that the deception has ever been detected. A short journey through a lovely agricultural country brings us to Truro, one of the most important points on this division of the road.

Truro, the capital of Colchester County, situated on a delightful plain, known as Onslow Marsh, five miles

long, and three miles broad at the head of the Cobequid Bay, is one of the prettiest towns in the Province. It has a population of about 5,000, and contains, besides the county buildings, several churches and hotels, a branch bank, a telegraph office, the Provincial, Normal and Model Schools, and manufactories of engines, iron castings, axles, machinery, boots and shoes, lasts and pegs, hats, leather, wooden ware, woollens, &c. Since the building of the Intercolonial, its trade has rapidly increased, and what was but a few years ago a mere straggling village, is now a beautiful town, with substantially constructed buildings, and various important industrial enterprises. The country surrounding the town is very fertile, and large crops are annually raised. In every direction there are beautiful drives. The climate is extremely healthy, there being always a fresh and exhilarating ocean breeze from the Bay of Fundy. On the Salmon River, which flows right through the town, some splendid salmon and trout fishing can be had. The principal hotels are the Victoria, opposite the station, and the Prince of Wales about a mile distant. Both are very handsome wooden buildings, and the table and accommodation are first-class. There is also a refreshment saloon at the station. At Board Landing Bridge, on the Bay of Fundy, two miles from Truro, there are shipbuilding yards in which vessels of from 600 to 700 tons burthen are built. A Provincial Ex-

hibition building has been erected. There is a splendid one-half-mile race-course in the immediate vicinity of the town.

Here the road branches off to Pictou, fifty-two miles distant. It runs through an excellent farming country, rich in mineral resources, particularly coal, and abounding with timber of excellent growth. The first station on the route is Valley, surrounded by a well-watered agricultural district. From this settlement the North River flows for about fourteen miles along the track. It rises in Dalhousie Mountain, and discharges into the Bay of Fundy. In some places the water is very shallow, but many deep pools occur along its course in which salmon and trout congregate in large numbers. For a short distance past Valley the road runs along the brow of a hill, through deep cuttings. The rocks in several places rise to a considerable height above the railway carriages. Beyond this the country is stumpy, and no settlements are in sight, but the interior is thickly populated.

Leaving Union, Riversdale, West River and Glen-garry—small but steadily-growing settlements, with good trout-fishing in the vicinity, especially at Riversdale, within a few miles of which there are three large lakes—we pass on to Hopewell, an interesting little village, where tourists on the way to the splendid fishing grounds of Guysborough County can hire carriages.

Stellerton, five miles to the east, is the centre of an immensely rich coal district. Iron ore is also found here in large quantities, and a furnace is in operation in the village. The population is estimated at 3,000. Close by Stellerton are the old Albion Mines, which have been worked for nearly fifty years; and at Westerville, a few miles away, are the Drummond, Acadia, and Black Diamond mines. The depression in the coal trade during the past two years has been severely felt in this locality, and none of the mines have been worked to their full capacity for a long time back; indeed, some of them have been closed down altogether. These mines are worthy of a visit. Some of them are very large and deep, extending over 1,000 feet into the interior of the earth. In the neighbourhood excellent salmon fishing can be obtained.

New Glasgow is three miles from Stellerton, and in many respects resembles the great Scottish commercial city after which it has been named. Like the Queen city of the Clyde, it is an inland town, situated in the neighborhood of one of the richest mineral territories in the world, and also having an extensive shipbuilding trade. In this port the largest vessels hailing from Nova Scotia have been built. The town is divided into two parts by the East River, over which is thrown a large wooden drawbridge. The population is about 3,500. It contains two foundries, several



tanneries, a pottery, a branch bank, a telegraph office, a printing office issuing a weekly newspaper, a number of shipyards, four good hotels, and about fifty stores. Outside the town there are several handsome private mansions. The Intercolonial Coal Company run a railroad, five miles long, from the mine to Abercromby Point, in South Pictou, where the coal is shipped.

Pictou Landing, eight miles from the last town, is the terminus of the branch. From this point a steamer conveys the passengers to the town, situated at the head of Pictou harbor, which opens into Northumberland Strait. The district around it is exceedingly fertile and well cultivated, and contains extensive coal mines and quarries of building stone. The harbor, a beautiful sheet of water sheltered from every wind, is acknowledged to be the finest on the South shore of the St. Lawrence. The entrance is 200 yards wide. Here is a lighthouse with a fixed light, sixty-five feet above the sea. Three rivers—the East, Middle, and West—empty into the basin; on all of them good trout and salmon fishing can be had. Pictou is a very old town, having been founded 110 years ago by a party of emigrants from Philadelphia. In 1772, thirty families from the Highlands of Scotland arrived in the ship "Hector," but some dispute arose between them and the original settlers regarding the land, and the majority emigrated to Halifax and Truro. From time to time, however, subsequently large numbers of

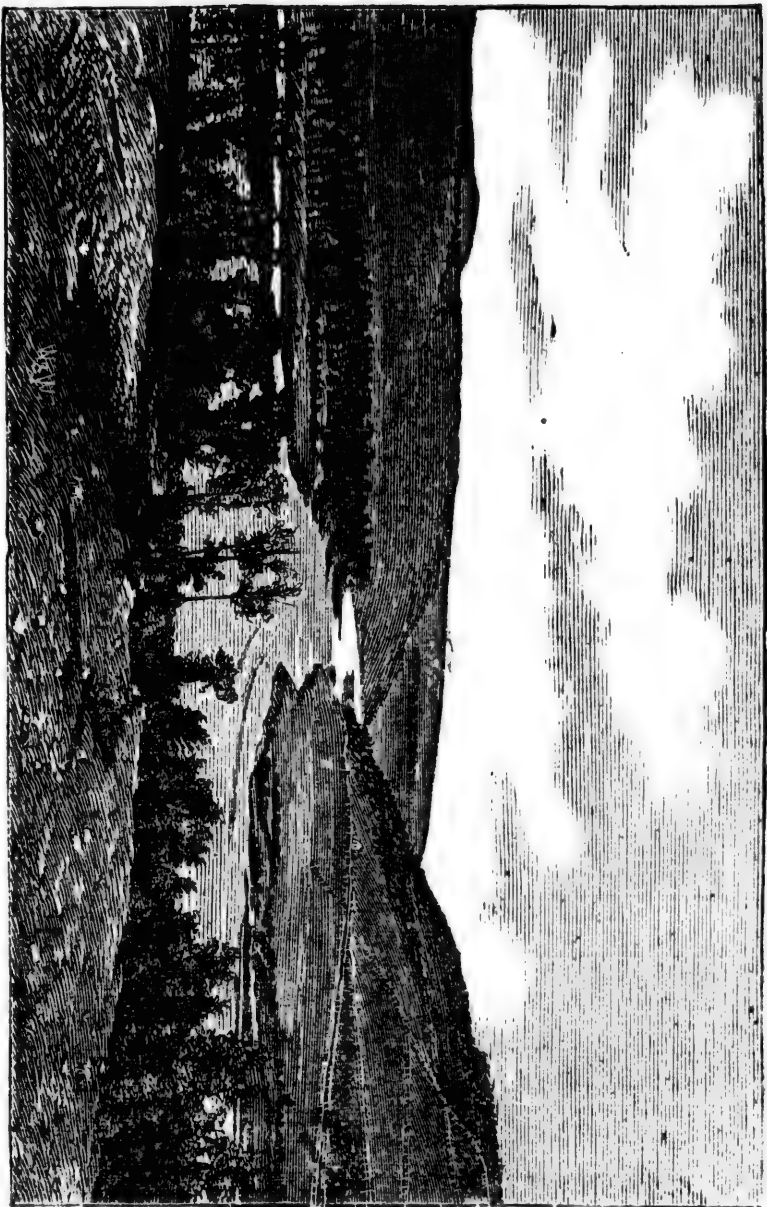
Scotch emigrants arrived and settled in the county, which is now pretty well populated by an industrious and enterprising class of people. The large preponderance of Mackays, Frazers, McLeans, MacDonalds, Campbells and Douglasses in the various settlements in the neighbourhood of Pictou indicates the nationality of the inhabitants. Their brave and sturdy forefathers were forced to leave their native land "to make room for sheep and deer," and find a home amidst the dense forests of North America. They had many difficulties to contend with: extreme cold in the winter, oppressive heat in the summer. They had to clear the land of its forest covering, and in consequence of their distance from civilization and the defective means of communication, they had often to endure hunger. Now, however, circumstances are greatly altered for the better. The railway passes close to their doors; steamers and sailing vessels enter their harbors almost daily, and with these facilities the vast resources of the country are being rapidly developed. Signs of prosperity are visible everywhere, but the country is susceptible of still greater development, and at no distant day it doubtless will become one of the most important commercial centres in the Dominion. Pictou is a well-built town; its streets are lighted with gas. Coal mining is the principal industry and the chief source of revenue. Large quantities are annually exported to the United

States and different parts of Canada. The harbor is frozen over in the winter, some years the ice being fully seven feet in thickness, forming a magnificent field for skating. The principal buildings in the town are the Presbyterian Church, brick and stone, on the corner of Coleraine and Church Streets; the Catholic Church, also brick and stone, on Battery Hill; the Court House, on Church Street; and the Custom House, near the wharf. The town has also a splendid academy, Library, Masonic Hall, three branch banks, telegraph and newspaper offices, two steam carding mills, two tobacco factories, an iron foundry, several saw and grist mills, tanneries, &c. A convent, Young Men's Christian Association Rooms and County Buildings are in process of construction. Shipbuilding is largely engaged in both in the town and in the neighbouring villages. Three or four ships are always on the stocks. In the vicinity of the town there is some fine scenery, especially along the banks of the West River.

A drive of ten to twenty miles into the interior brings us to a territory where ranges of mountains extend in every direction, presenting a scene of the most varied and beautiful description.

At Maxwell, twenty-five miles distant, there are several large lakes full of bass and trout. Moose, bears and foxes roam through the uninhabited districts of the county in considerable numbers. Along the shores

SCENE AT THE CONFLUENCE OF THE METAPEDIA AND RESTIGOUCHE.



of the harbor, the country is generally level; there is no marsh land; along the rivers there is much valuable intervale, and much of the upland soil, even to the summit of the hills, is fertile and everywhere capable of cultivation. Outside of Halifax, Pictou is considered to be the richest town in Nova Scotia, the most of the wealth having been made in the coal and shipbuilding trades. There are several hotels in the place, in which the table and accommodation are very good, and the charges moderate. The steamers of the Prince Edward Island Steam Navigation Company leave Pictou four times a week for Charlottetown, P.E.I., and Port Hawkesbury, Sydney and other places in Cape Breton. Steamers of the Quebec and Gulf Ports Line leave on Tuesdays and Fridays for Charlottetown, P.E.I., and Shediac, Newcastle, Chatham and Dalhousie, N.B., and ports on the St. Lawrence. The boats of the Montreal and Acadian Steamship Company also call weekly. The sail from Pictou, through Northumberland straits, to Charlottetown is very pleasant; the water is seldom rough, and the boats are strongly built and comfortably furnished.

Returning from Pictou to Truro we get on board the "Express," and resume our journey to Halifax on the main line.

Leaving Truro with its pretty white buildings glittering in the sun, and its magnificent tract of prairie in front, intersected with numerous small streams, we

travel through a charming country, passing Johnson, a flag station, on to Brookfield, a small village standing in the centre of an excellent agricultural district. There are rich deposits of iron ore in its vicinity.

The road from Brookfield runs through a beautifully wooded country on to Stewiacke, a small settlement occupied principally by Indians. The population is about 300. Close by it is a river of the same name, which rises in the Pictou hills, and, flowing down through Upper, Middle and Lower Stewiacke, falls into the Shubenacadie River, about six miles above the Bay of Fundy. Its total length is fifty miles, but it is not navigable except for canoes, small boats and gondolas. The latter go up five or six miles to the head of tide; canoes can go to its source. The interval and marsh on the banks is very fertile, and yield large crops. This river contains fish of all sizes, from the smallest minnow to salmon weighing twenty-five pounds. Smelts, gaspereaux, trout, bass, shad, &c., also abound in large numbers. The river flows past the village in a serpentine course, and is crossed by a small iron bridge.

Five miles further on is Shubenacadie, one of the loveliest spots in this section of the country. Its weird sunsets, always considered one of the grandest sights in Nature, "tipping the hills with gold," "the fall of waters and the song of birds, the hills that echo to the distant herds, are luxuries excelling all the

glare the world can boast and her chief favorites share " Here is a happy retreat, with an exhilarating atmosphere, where the business man can recuperate his exhausted energies, where the student of nature can find innumerable objects for study and meditation, and where the pleasure-seeker can obtain all the enjoyment connected with salmon angling. The settlement, as its name indicates, was originally founded by Indians, but very few of them live in the village. They have numerous huts throughout the surrounding country. The Shubenacadie River, upon whose bank the village is situated, is one of the principal streams in Nova Scotia, which it nearly divides into two. It empties into the Cobequid Bay, forty-five miles north of Halifax, with which city it is connected by a canal thirty miles in length. The tide flows up twenty-five miles along its banks. For a distance of twelve miles from its mouth there are several ship-yards, in which some very large vessels are built. Salmon, shad, &c., abound in its waters. In the village there are two good hotels.

A short journey through a fine tract of country brings us to Milford, in Hants County, where the scenery is varied and romantic. The village is quite small, having only a population of about 200. In its neighbourhood there are extensive limestone and gypsum quarries. Considerable quantities of lumber, hay and gypsum are shipped from the station.

Elmsdale, five miles distant, is situated on a piece of magnificent prairie land, enclosed on the east by a chain of mountains. Here the Nine Mile River joins the Shubenacadie, and their confluence is noted for its fine salmon and trout fishing.

Enfield is two miles further on. The district contains productive gold mines. Quartz mills are in operation three miles from the station.

A short distance beyond this is Grand Lake, a beautiful sheet of water almost eight miles long and one to two miles broad. It is dotted with numerous small islands, which increases its picturesqueness and beauty. The road runs for a considerable distance along the bank of this lake, in some places through heavy cuttings through solid rock.

Passing Wellington, where the scenery is very fine, we come to Windsor, the junction of the Intercolonial and Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

After a stoppage of a few minutes here we again start, and, traversing through an exceedingly rocky country, passing along a chain of lakes which, with the small island and numerous bays, present a charming appearance, move on to Bedford, at the head of Halifax harbour. The village contains an extensive woollen factory, paper mills, telegraph office, and several stores and hotels. Four miles beyond this is Four Mile House, and a short distance further on, Halifax, the eastern terminus of the Intercolonial.



## CHAPTER VI.

### HALIFAX : ITS PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, DOCKYARDS, FORTIFICATIONS, PARKS, DRIVES, ETC.

The first view the traveller obtains of Halifax impresses him with the solidity and substantiality of its construction, and the romantic picturesqueness of its situation. With the everlasting flinty rock for its foundation the city rises proudly from the water's edge, and extends in beautiful parallel terraces up the sloping face of a mountain range. In front lies the deep, capacious and well sheltered harbour, dreaming in the dazzling sunlight, with St. George's Island, small, oval, in its very heart strongly fortified, and commanding the centre of the city, its wharves and shipping.

The railway is being extended about a mile further into town, directly opposite the gate of the Dockyard. A very fine stone and brick station is being built, which will be opened shortly, and will be the finest and most convenient railway station in Canada.

As in all large cities, the moment you step off the train you are surrounded by a perfect swarm of "cabbies" and hotel runners, each of whom tries to persuade you that his own vehicle is superior to all others,

or that the hotel he represents is infinitely the best in the place.

The principal hotels in the city are the "International" and "Halifax"; but Halifax is much behind the age in hotels, and is sadly injuring itself by not providing better accommodation for travellers. Both the present establishments are on Hollis Street, the chief business thoroughfare. The proprietors have 'busses at the station on the arrival of trains. They charge 50c. for driving you to the hotels. Being packed in these 'busses with five or six fellow travellers is not very agreeable, especially as the roads are very rough and the "machine" shakes terribly. It will be found a great deal more convenient and satisfactory to hire a "carriage and pair" particularly as the charge is the same—50 cents.

Halifax is a very old city, having been founded in 1749. On the 25th of July of that year, the first Governor—Edward Cornwallis—took the oaths of office, and Paul Mascarene, John Gorham, Benjamin Green, John Salisbury and Hugh Davidson were appointed the first Council, which was increased a few days afterwards by the addition of Ellison, Mercer, Steele, Horseman, Hopson, Lawrence and How. This memorable day was celebrated as a holiday, and ever since the 25th of July is set apart for general festivity in commemoration of the foundation of Halifax and the establishment of civil Government. It is not

necessary to follow the varied fortunes of the city in the intervening period. Several works have already been published on the subject. Halifax has at different periods been visited by some distinguished personages—in 1786, by H.R.H. Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV.; in 1794, by the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria; in 1799, by the Duke of Orleans, afterwards King Louis Philippe of France, and his two brothers; in the same year by the celebrated William Cobbett; in 1860 by the Prince of Wales, and in 1869 by Prince Arthur. All these distinguished visitors were received in a manner becoming their rank. Halifax is replete with objects of interest to the tourist and pleasure seeker. Presuming that the reader is on a mission to see all that there is to be seen about this quaint old place, we will first introduce him to the

#### CITADEL,

where the best view of the city is obtained. This Citadel, which is one of the finest in America, was commenced by the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, while at Halifax as Commander-in-Chief. In recent years it has been almost completely rebuilt, is of enormous strength, and forms an essential part of the system of fortifications by which the City is protected. From its elevated position its batteries command every part of the town, and nearly all parts

of the harbour. Immediately below the portal is a saluting battery, consisting of old-fashioned guns. The place is always kept in complete order. Visitors are permitted to explore the works thoroughly, even to make the circuit of the fort under ground, behind the outside wall. The barracks and magazines within the fort are bomb proof. From the Citadel a magnificent prospect of the varied scenery of Halifax is obtained. Eastwards and westwards the sea and sky bound the distant horizon, while in other directions low ranges of hills rise and swell, and fade into a dim line of purple fifteen or twenty miles away. Along the Atlantic coast, from Canso to Yarmouth, the silvery arms of the turbulent ocean cleave the rocky barriers, and run far inland. These bays seem to have been designed by the Great Architect of the Universe for the safety and delight of man ; without them the south-eastern coast of Nova Scotia would be a homeless wilderness. They are now, however, a source of wealth and scenic loveliness, with their "brawling" brooks and mighty rivers rushing to their embrace. They shelter the little boat "that wins the bairnies' bread" and the gallant barque that woos the gales of distant seas or dares the winter hurricane. Below lies the city, extending for a distance of three miles, from Bedford Basin on the north to the North-west Arm on the south. In the centre the buildings are huddled together in a manner not

very pleasing, but to the south, and in some portions of the north end, many fine dwellings, surrounded by spacious grounds, are discernible. As seen from the Citadel the houses appear to be built more for internal comfort than for external beauty, but on a closer inspection several fine granite blocks will be found of fine architectural proportions. In front lies the harbour, sheltered from every wind that blows, prolonged to the narrows, away up to Bedford, spreading into a spacious land-locked basin; the North-west Arm stretches to the south, with its "loved little islands" and sheltered nooks, doubled by the mirroring waters. But the real charm of the view lies in the forests of "murmuring pine and hemlock," interspersed with patches of birch and maple, that, far as the eye can reach, line the shores of the harbour, and clothe McNabb's Island, at its entrance, in a sea of green; in the glimpses of the placid waters of Bedford Basin, fringed with forests and sparkling in the morning sun, and in the air of calm and repose hanging over forest and stream, city and harbour. Grand and picturesque, though, the scene before us is, the city, with its lofty towers, its sacred-looking church spires, its fine public institutions, and its palatial private mansions, is seen at a disadvantage from our elevated position. A closer inspection is necessary to detect the architectural beauty of its structure, the extent and strength of its quays and

wharves, the massiveness and solidity of its fortifications, the quaintness of its gloomy old houses and quiet streets, and the grandeur of the scenery in its immediate neighbourhood. It would take a large volume to contain a minute description of the various points of interest in the city and vicinity, and the historical incidents associated with most of them. In this work the most prominent only can be mentioned; and first of all, as Halifax is the only military post now in Canada, we shall first inspect its naval and military institutions. We have already referred to Fort George, or the "Citadel," from which such a magnificent view of the country is obtained. The next place in point of interest is

H.M. DOCKYARD,

which was founded nine years after the arrival of Cornwallis in Halifax. It occupies half a mile of the harbor at the upper end of the city. It is fenced in from the street by a substantial stone wall, and contains a number of houses for the accommodation of the officers in charge and the various employés. In the summer season, when the fleet is in port, the dockyard presents an extremely lively and stirring appearance. The bands of the ships fill the air with music; visitors are constantly running to and fro. The sailors—polite, obliging, gleesome, frolicsome fellows—in their picturesque costume afford constant

amusement. A large amount of work has to be done in landing and shipping stores, &c. A visit to a first-class British man-of-war is at any time interesting, and such a visit can be enjoyed almost any day at Halifax during the summer months. Immediately to the north of the dockyard lies the hospital yard.

THE WELLINGTON BARRACKS,

built of brick, occupy a fine healthy site to the north of the city. To the south of them stands the Admiralty house, erected for the accommodation of the Admiral on the Station when ashore. The Naval Cemetery lies between the Admiralty grounds and the harbour. At the south end of Gottingen street stands the Military Hospital, acknowledged to be one of the best on the Continent. It is built and fitted up according to the most approved rules of sanitary science. In the same neighborhood is the Garrison Chapel, where all soldiers who belong to the Episcopal Church worship. Soldiers who belong to other denominations are allowed to worship in their respective churches. The Ordnance Yard occupies a valuable wharf property near the heart of the city, at the junction of Water and Hollis streets. H.M. Fuel Yard and Queen's Wharf are a few rods further south, and a short distance beyond them is H.M. Lumber Yard, with the Engineers' Wharf, jutting far out into the water. Proceeding along the

shore about two miles from the centre of the city we come to Fort Ogilvie and Fort Cambridge, both striking specimens of the best style of modern granite and earthworks. Stronger works than these, or defences more favorably located to command the entrance to the harbour, can hardly be imagined. Down close to the shore are Mount Pleasant and North West Arm Batteries, while the Prince of Wales' Tower crowns the summit of the Park. These are preserved more as reminiscences of the past, and for the sake of "old acquaintance" rather than as an essential portion of the magnificent system of fortifications by which Halifax is protected.

#### MELVILLE ISLAND

lies near the head of the North-west Arm, in a picturesque and cozy nook. It is now used as a military prison, and groups of convicts with cropped hair may be seen working on the adjacent grounds or on the roads. This was the place where the most of the prisoners captured during the war of 1812-14 were confined. Fort Needham once towered above the Narrows and Richmond, but nothing is now left to mark its site, save a deep ditch and a few mounds of earth.

#### ST. GEORGE'S ISLAND,

situated in the centre of the harbour, is very



- strongly fortified. Fort Charlotte, on this islet, has within the past few years been entirely rebuilt and brought up to the requirements of the age. Fort Clarence, also a work of formidable strength, stands on the eastern shore of the harbour, nearly opposite St. George's Island. On the north-west shore of McNabb's Island there is another line of batteries, commanding the harbour below St. George's Island. On Meagher's Beach and Sambro Island are martello towers, and on the land side stands York Redoubt. Altogether, Halifax is fortified more strongly than any other city on the continent of America, and as only Cronstadt and a few other places in Europe are. In proportion to its population more of naval and military life is seen in Halifax than anywhere else on this side of the Atlantic. The noble harbour is at times studded with ships of war, British, French and American. The streets are gay with naval and military uniforms. The "Common" is often the scene of spirited reviews and sham fights.

#### FORT MASSEY,

located near the south end of Queen's Street, is worthy of mention. There is no longer any trace of a fort, but much military interest is attached to the locality, as the site of the soldier's cemetery. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," and many a brave warrior sleeps here his last long sleep. Military

funerals are often conducted here. There is something profoundly affecting in the wail and muffled thunder of the "Dead March" as rendered by the band and emphasized by the slow solemn tread of a thousand men, with drooping looks and arms reversed. Thus they march to the grave; the chaplain reads the service; the final salutes are fired to the sound of drums and fifes; the homeward march is ordered, the band strikes up one of its liveliest tunes, and the recent mourners soon forget, not their "mechanical grief" as some one has written, but their sincere and heart-felt sorrow for their departed comrade. Soldiers are susceptible of as much feeling—genuine, sympathetic feeling—as any other class of men, and to say that their grief, as they follow the remains of a favourite officer or a brave and respected comrade to their last resting place is "assumed," is an unwarranted statement, and one which could only emanate from the brain of a person who seldom associated with military men and who entirely miscomprehended their character. The

#### PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS

of Halifax are numerous, and generously supported by the people. There is no lack of

#### CHURCHES,

there being more than one place of worship for every 1,000 of the population. Denominationally they are

as follows:—Episcopal, seven; Presbyterian, seven; Methodist, six; Roman Catholic, three; Baptist, three; Free Will Baptist, one; Congregationalist, one; Plymouth Brethren, one, Mission Church (Union), one; African Methodist, one; African Baptist, one;—making altogether thirty-three churches. Some of these are old and venerable. St. Paul's was built a year after the founding of Halifax,—in 1750. Quite a number of the churches are small, and have very limited congregations. There is no "Established Church." The British Government pays the chaplain who officiates for the military in the Garrison Chapel.

#### SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Dalhousie College was founded by Earl Dalhousie, and for years made but slow and uncertain progress. It is now, however, well equipped, and has over 100 students. St. Mary's College is supported by the Roman Catholic Church. The Presbyterian College occupies a building in the North End, on Gerrish Street. There are several excellent private academies in the city. The Public Schools are intended to accommodate every schoolable child in Halifax. Some of the buildings are very commodious, present a very handsome appearance, and are well equipped. The principal are, "Morris Street," "St. Mary's," "St. Patrick's," "Brunswick and Albro Street" schools. These are all free schools, to which the poorest children

have unrestricted access. They cost the city over \$66,000 a year.

#### ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

This institution, situated on the Dartmouth side of the water, is an immense structure, built and regulated on the most approved plans, and yields excellent results. It is built on a healthy, airy and beautiful elevation, called Mount Hope. The view from the grounds adjoining the Asylum, and especially from the centre cupola, is very fine either in summer or winter. This institution now accommodates over 300 patients.

#### THE INEBRIATE ASYLUM

nestles in a quite grove, near the First Lake, and is the most recently organized of the charitable institutions of Halifax. It is already making a favorable impression upon the public. It provides for a large and most unfortunate class for whom sympathy is too often turned into hot indignation. The

#### ORPHANS HOME

stands on the Halifax side of the harbour, at the northern end, occupying a large building surrounded by trees, and overlooking the Narrows. It is a very attractive spot. There is a circumstance connected

with this establishment which well deserves notice. For the past seventeen years the average number of children in the Home has ranged from thirty to fifty, and the ages of the orphans have ranged from two to ten years and sometimes more, yet during that period there has not been a single death among the inmates—a most favorable commentary upon the careful management of the institution. A Roman Catholic orphanage is in the same end of the city. Proceeding southwards, past the Wellington barracks, we next notice the

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE,

one of which Halifax is justly proud, as it is surpassed nowhere in efficiency. The inmates are literally taught to speak, although much greater pains are bestowed on teaching them to read and to express themselves correctly and rapidly in writing. The number of pupils ordinarily ranges from forty to fifty.

THE HOME FOR THE AGED

stands nearly opposite the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It is a quiet and comfortable establishment, erected for old ladies who have fallen into want. Between thirty and forty such are here cared for from year to year.

A SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME

is in process of erection on Brunswick Street. There

is in the same end of the city a house where fallen women are cared for, and where they are afforded a chance of escape to a better life.

#### TEMPERANCE HALL

has long been the rallying-place of Sons of Temperance and other temperance organizations.

#### THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

have a very handsome and commodious building near the centre of the city. It cost over \$35,000. The society is a quarter of a century old, and has been gathering strength with increasing years.

#### THE FREEMASONS

have a fine new temple in course of construction only two blocks away from the Young Men's Christian Association's head-quarters.

#### THE BRITISH-AMERICAN BOOK AND TRACT SOCIETY

has its head-quarters in Granville Street. It spends thousands of dollars annually in disseminating attractive religious literature.

#### THE CLUB HOUSE

occupies a prominent position in Hollis Street. It is an elegant and attractive resort for the wealthy and fashionable residents of Halifax.

ST. PAUL'S HOME OF INDUSTRY FOR GIRLS

is situated in the southern end of the city. It is an institution where young persons, who would otherwise be castaways, are trained to lives of usefulness and virtue.

THE ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND

stands further north, occupying a handsome brick building. Here a work of beneficence is accomplished for the blind such as is done for the deaf and dumb at the other end of the city.

THE PROVINCIAL AND CITY HOSPITAL

is close by. Here the sick are cared for. Unfortunately, the building is not half the requisite size. It contains only sixty beds, whereas 150 at least would be required. The

POOR HOUSE

is in the same vicinity, quite palatial in appearance, but unwisely situated on the common, which should be reserved for the free use of the public. This palace of brick is free to the poor at all times, and the inmates sometimes number over 500.

THE MEDICAL COLLEGE

is in the same locality. It is a neat wooden structure.

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A CONVENT

devoted to the "Sacred Heart," whence Sisters of Charity issue on errands of mercy, is in the same quarter of the town. Here, also, is the

## HALIFAX INFANTS' HOME,

one of the newest of Halifax's many charitable institutions. Fifty-five infants were received in the Home during its first year, and the lives of over two-thirds were saved. The

## DISPENSARY

stands near the centre of the city and in the neediest locality. During the year 1875 this institution ministered to over 2,000 sick poor. About a mile from the city is the

## INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

an institution which has an admirable record; numbers of the wildest and worst boys in the town have here been transformed into useful, respectable and hardworking men. Halifax has a

## CITIZENS' FREE LIBRARY,

open daily, and also several subscription libraries and reading rooms.

The finest public buildings in the city are the New Provincial building, with its public offices and ad-



mirable museum of antiquities, geology, &c., the Old Provincial building with its halls for the two houses of legislature, and its noble library and portrait gallery, the Government House, the residence of the Lieutenant Governor; and the Court House, where the Supreme Court sits, with the jail in its vicinity. The City Market and the Police Court are ugly buildings near the centre of the city. The City Prison, a granite structure, occupies a very fine and prominent position about a mile to the north of the city, while about the same distance to the south stands the Provincial Penitentiary in a cozy, secluded nook.

There are several business houses and banking institutions, on the principal thoroughfares, of magnificent architectural proportions, and some private residences constructed in a most chaste and handsome manner. But the real charm of Halifax consists in its

#### WALKS AND DRIVES,

its parks and commons. Proceeding up the harbour we see the dockyard, to which reference has already been made, with the gallant ships of war slumbering peacefully, as if no thunder slept in their sides. The "North End" is beautiful in summer, with its trees and gardens, and elegant private mansions. Westward of the town are green fields, cottages, trees trim and leafy, trees small and scrubby, and waste land, till you reach Dutch Village. We

come south-eastwardly to the head of the North-West arm, where the scene is peaceful and very delightful. Wealth, taste, fashion, are seeking retreats along the "Arm," and rapidly transforming waste places into charming gardens and fertile fields. The houses are, for the most part, painted white, and they nestle amid groves of dark green. Following down the course of the "Arm" we come to the "Park," with its miles of roads and paths winding through the native forest and by the surrounding shore, and among forts with their stupendous walls of earth and granite. West of the Citadel extends the Common—the *Campus Martius* of Halifax—the scene of many a brilliant military pageant. South of the Common comes the extensive and beautiful public gardens; and west of these again is Camphill Cemetery, the city of the dead,—flat, shelterless, and unattractive,—the very antitheses of Greenwood or Mount Auburn. Across the Harbour eastwardly, more than a mile away, rises Dartmouth, its houses white and pretty, and many of them embosomed in trees or surrounded with green fields.

Nothing can be lovelier than a summer morning on Halifax harbour—the water still as glass, ships great and small, sleeping without fear of storm—sea-gulls poising themselves easily in the buoyant air and playing with their own shadows, the rising sun attended by rich masses of white and golden and purple clouds, and the water redoubling every tint, color and form.

In July and August at noon-day and often earlier, comes the sea breeze, gentle, cool and bracing, a friend to health and comfort, rolling the waters of the harbour into laughing wavelets, that break with soft splash on the thirsty sands. Children, invalids,—young men and maidens,—all who love the pure fresh air are apt to wander towards Mount Pleasant and among the shady paths and nooks around it, where nothing seems wanting to complete the condition of a happy life in summer. In the evening the sea breeze folds its wings and seeks repose. The snowy sails of pleasure-boats are furled and the oars are plied on the glassy bosom of the harbour. The moon and stars add new glory to the scene. Sometimes, however, fog comes in, and with chill touch blots out all the beauty of the landscape. It seems wet and heavy, driven by the east wind. But wait a few hours till the sun is high, or at worst till the wind has changed to the west or north, and then you will see a picture never to be forgotten, as the fog gathers up its trailing skirts and reveals the islands, the gleaming headlands, the snowy sails of many ships, and the wide limitless sea. Sometimes the fog creeps in at night and hastens away with the morning sun; sometimes it forms a great wall out seawards.

But, perhaps, one of the grandest and most picturesque scenes to be witnessed at Halifax is a storm from the south-east. Those who live far inland can



BIG BRIDGE—See page 18.

have no idea of the might that is in the sea, driven into fury by fierce winds. A small part of the Peninsula below the port is exposed to the full force of the ocean in a "south-easter." The big waves then come in, tumbling, rolling, dashing madly against the beach with a noise like thunder. The spray rises high up into the air and is driven inland. Niagara itself is not more terribly grand than this spot, when the tide is high and a full gale blowing. Huge fragments of rock are hurled about, churned and crashed against each other as if they were pebbles. The roar of the elemental strife is so loud that thunder or the discharge of a battery of artillery would scarcely be heard.

The financial institutions of Halifax are worthy of notice. Few cities have such a successful banking record, and there are few communities on the American continent where business has been so well and profitably managed. While almost every city in America has furnished samples of banks going into insolvency, and causing distress and widespread ruin among shareholders and the general public, not one of the Halifax banking institutions has ever been subjected to serious suspicion. Panics and depressions in other countries rarely affect the banks of Halifax. Even in 1837, when almost every banking establishment in America suspended specie payments, the Halifax banks responded to all demands made upon

them for coin. The oldest Banking Company in the city is the "Halifax." It was organized in 1825. It was then a private company, but in 1872 it obtained a charter from the Dominion Government, and is now a Joint Stock Company. It was followed by the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Bank of British North America. There are now, in all, seven chartered banks and two or three savings banks in the city.

With the broad ocean highway in front of her, and connected by recently completed lines of railroad with the boundless continent at her back, Halifax enjoys unsurpassed advantages in regard to communication with the wide world. The harbour is one of the safest in the world, and is easily accessible in all sorts of weather. It is ever open, being in no more danger of obstruction by ice than the Delaware or the Chesapeake. It lies close to the route of steamers plying between the United States and European ports; and it is no unusual thing for ocean steamers short of coal to call for a fresh supply. Sailing vessels leave Halifax for all zones and climes. Often the harbour is white with the sails of departing craft wooing the favoring breeze. The fishing trade, the West India trade, the lumber business, and the coal trade, are chiefly carried on in sailing vessels; but it is no unusual thing for six or eight ocean-going steamers to leave port on the same day. Halifax has direct communication, fortnightly, all the year round, with Great

Britain by means of the Allan line of steamers. During the summer the vessels of several other companies call monthly or oftener, on the way to other American ports. It has weekly, and often semi-weekly communication with Portland. A steamer plies regularly between it and New York. There is monthly communication, by the Cunard Line, with Bermuda and the West Indies. While navigation is open in the St. Lawrence, there is weekly communication, *via* Pictou, by means of the Quebec and Gulf Ports Line, with the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. Steamers also ply regularly between Halifax and Yarmouth on the one hand, and Sydney, St. John, Newfoundland, and St. Pierre on the other.

The Canadian mails are now landed at Halifax and despatched to their destination over the Intercolonial and Grand Trunk Railways. We have thus a winter port on Canadian territory, the establishment of which has so long been advocated by the Press and public of the Lower Provinces. The steamers of the Dominion Line also land their Canadian cargoes at Halifax.

Halifax is connected by stage coaches with St. Margaret's Bay, Chester, Mahone Bay, Lunenburg, La Hare, Bridgewater, Liverpool, Shelburne and Yarmouth,—a distance of 200 miles. Another line of coaches run down the Eastern coast,—to Musquado-

boit Harbour, Tangier, Sheet Harbour, &c. All these points are worthy of a visit. The tourist should not overlook Minas Basin, where there is some beautiful scenery, particularly around Grand Pre, off Cape Blomidon,—in fact, all along the shores of the Bay of Fundy. This is the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline." His description is very vivid:—

"In the Acadian Land, on the shores of the Basin of Limas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pre  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the  
eastwards,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without  
number."

Again:—

"Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of  
its branches  
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.  
Only along the shores of the mournful and misty Atlantic,  
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.  
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy.  
Maids still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of  
homespun,  
And in the evening fine repeat Evangeline's story,  
While from its rocky caverns the deep-mouthed neighboring  
ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the  
forest."

These immortalized scenes can be reached by the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, which is being extended to Yarmouth.



Halifax is the Ocean terminus of the Intercolonial Railway, which connects with the railway systems of the Upper Provinces and the United States.

Having thoroughly explored Halifax and its surroundings, we must now proceed to St. John by the Intercolonial Railway.



## CHAPTER VII.

### MONCTON TO ST. JOHN, N.B.

The "Express" from Halifax stops for a few minutes at Moncton, where we can obtain refreshments at the magnificent dining saloon at the station. The signal for departure being given, we again step on board the train, and resume our journey through a comparatively level and wooded country, with patches here and there cleared and under cultivation. Beyond Boundary Creek—a flag station, ten miles from Moncton—the land is more extensively cleared, and beautiful settlements are seen on every hand along the route, with neat and comfortable-looking farm-houses nestling amidst the green woods.

Salisbury is the first station we reach. It is a small village situated on the Petitcodiac River, with a population of about 350. It contains a telegraph office, several stores and saw mills.

Ten miles further on is Petitcodiac, a thriving town in the county of Westmoreland. It is located on a fertile plain, well watered, with an elevated plateau rising behind it, wooded all over. The houses present a neat appearance, and have that air of comfort about them which is witnessed everywhere in

those flourishing rural districts along the line of the Intercolonial. The village has two churches, two saw mills, a few stores, two hotels, a public hall, and a telegraph office. The population is estimated at about 500.

For the next four miles the road runs through a beautiful valley. The land is comparatively level for a short distance on both sides of the track, while beyond a chain of high hills, covered with a thick forest, rises on both sides. This valley, notwithstanding that the soil is very fertile, is but sparsely settled, only a few small villages being seen here and there through it, the principal being Anagance, where there is a station

Penobsquis, the next stopping place, is in King's county. It stands on a level plain, encircled by a lofty range of hills on all sides, and contains a telegraph office, several stores, two saw mills, and a number of salt wells, besides manufactories of paper, leather, carriages, &c. The population is about 450.

Beyond this the country is more woody, but now and then we pass cleared strips of land, on which good crops are raised. A river which flows through this district is crossed by a handsome iron bridge, of English manufacture. The country along here presents a charming appearance, being level on both sides of the line, with clusters of trees with

their variegated foliage scattered here and there throughout the settlements, and hills of moderate altitude rising on the left hand side far away in the distance. Around Plumweseep, a small settlement about four miles from Penobsquis, the scenery is very attractive

Sussex is the next station. The village is very pretty; it has a population of between 600 and 700. The scenery around it is very fine, and in many respects similar to that of Dingwall and Strathpeffer, in the county of Ross-shire, Scotland. There is an air of calm and repose about it which is really charming. In the immediate neighbourhood of the village some good salmon fishing can be had, and about five or six miles distant there are several lakes in which salmon and trout are plentiful. There are two good hotels in the place—the "Olive House" and the "Exchange."

Apoquoqui, a small village amidst lovely surroundings, is five miles to the east of Sussex; six miles further on is Norton, situated in a charming locality, admirably adapted for summer residences. Bloomfield, a small settlement six miles to the east, is also noted for the exquisite beauty of its scenery.

We are now travelling through the valley of the Kennebecasis, "which peacefully flows through quiet woods and fields of golden green." This beautiful river rises near the source of the Petitcodiac, and after a

south-west course of twenty miles, enters the St. John River, through Kennebaccasis Bay, a magnificent sheet of water eighteen miles long. It was on this bay, that on the 23rd August, 1871, James Renforth, the champion oarsman, met his death.

Passekeag is the next station to Bloomfield. The scenery between it and Rothsay is grand and picturesque; the Kennebaccasis flows close to the track, and on the left hand side there is a range of hills clothed with every variety of tree indigenous to the latitude, broken here and there by deep ravines and narrow gorges, through which small streams rush impetuously to the deep dark waters of the large river below. In the spring the river overflows its banks, and this district is flooded. The stations on the route to Rothsay are Hampton, Nauwigewauk and Quispamsis, all small but flourishing settlements. At Rothsay there is a shipyard, where vessels of considerable size are built. The country beyond this is very interesting, being interspersed by numerous small streams and beautiful lakes, in which salmon, trout, &c., abound.

Riverside, Torryburn and Brookville, small flag stations, are passed on the left. At these points there are some fine summer residences owned by St. John merchants. In front of Riverside there is a beautiful lake, along the shores of which the road runs.

One mile beyond Brookville is Coldbrook, a small but pretty village with some very handsome buildings,

and three miles further on we reach St. John, the commercial emporium of the Province of New Brunswick.

Between Moncton and St. John the scenery is everywhere very attractive. The district is well settled, and the inhabitants appear to be in comfortable circumstances.



## CHAPTER VI

### ST. JOHN, N.B. : ITS PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, MAGNIFICENT DRIVES, ETC.

On the arrival of trains at St. John a long line of carriages surrounds the station, and there is the same amount of bustle and excitement in connection with the removal of your "traps" as in other cities. St. John is particularly fortunate in possessing accommodation for visitors, unrivalled in Canada, or indeed in any town of the same size on the American continent. The Victoria Hotel, situated on the corner of Duke and Germain Streets, is a magnificent square structure of brick, with a free-stone front, four storeys high, and is one of the principal attractions in the city. This hotel is acknowledged to be the best in every respect in the Dominion. It has accommodation for over 300 guests; the rooms are large, airy and magnificently furnished; the parlors and other public rooms are laid out in a most tasteful and attractive manner; the bill of fare is always varied and contains all seasonable delicacies; the cooking is as near perfection as any one could desire; the servants and waiters are extremely polite and attentive, and the popular manager, Mr. Sweet, is ever indefat-

igable in his efforts to make his patrons comfortable. The spacious dining-room can seat 200 people. The building is heated by steam throughout, and the rooms are also provided with grates. A steam elevator conveys guests from one flat to the other. From the cupola of the hotel a magnificent view of the city, its surrounding scenery and the Bay of Fundy is obtained. All travellers who wish to enjoy the comfort of a first class hotel should "put up" at the "Victoria." It is owned by a joint stock company, composed of some of the most enterprising citizens of St. John, who know the value of an institution of this kind, and who are conscious of its attractiveness to induce travellers to visit the city. The "Victoria" is the most fashionable house in St. John, and its world-wide reputation is by no means exaggerated. The other hotels are Barnes', on Prince William Street, near Princess Street; the "Royal," on Prince William Street, opposite the Custom House; the "International," on Prince William Street, at the corner of Duke Street; the "Waverly" on King Street, near the Square; the "Park," on King Square, corner of Sydney; the "Continental" on King Square; and the "American" on King Street, opposite Canterbury.

Before describing the principal points of interest in and around the modern city, we will, in a few sentences, relate its early history, which dates nearly three centuries back. In Acadia—as the country was origin-



ally called—a great many settlements had been established prior to the founding of St. John. The first mention of it is only made in 1604, when the French explorer, Champlain, pilot of an expedition commanded by M. de Monts, after coasting along the shores of Nova Scotia, crossed the Bay of Fundy, and crossed the magnificent river which he named St. John. At that time it was called Onangondy by the aborigines. No settlement was made until 1635, when a French nobleman, named Charles St. Etienne, Lord of Latour, commenced the erection of a pallisade fort opposite Mary's Island, in the harbour of St. John. De Latour, having been appointed Lieutenant-General, lived there for a long time with a large number of retainers and soldiers, and traded in furs with the Indians. Having, however, incurred the displeasure of the French King he was ordered to surrender his fort and commission; this he refused to do, and an expedition under the command of one D'Aulnay Charnisay was sent out in 1643 to eject him. D'Aulnay blockaded the fort, but Latour having got assistance of men and ships from Governor Winthrop of Boston, drove his fleet back to Port Royal, now Annapolis, N.S., where a number of the vessels were driven ashore and destroyed. In 1645, D'Aulnay again attacked the fort, and Latour being absent with a number of his men, his wife took command and defended the fort with so much skill and perseverance that the fleet was compelled to withdraw.

Having received reinforcements, D'Aulnay shortly afterwards returned, and again attacked the fort by land. After three days spent in several unsuccessful attacks, a Swiss sentry who had been bribed, betrayed the garrison, and allowed the enemy to scale the walls. Madame Latour personally headed her little band of fifty men, and heroically attacked the invaders; but seeing how hopeless were her prospects of success, she consented to terms of peace proposed by D'Aulnay if she would surrender the fort. Immediately upon getting possession he disregarded all the conditions solemnly agreed to, hanged the whole garrison, and compelled this brave and noble woman, with a rope around her neck, to witness the execution. She died a few days afterwards, broken-hearted. Latour returned to St. John in 1650, and received from the widow of D'Aulnay,—who had died in the meantime—the possession of his old fort. They were married in 1653, and Latour once more had peaceful control of his former lands, as well as those of his deceased rival.

In 1654 an expedition was sent out by Oliver Cromwell from England, which wrested Acadia from the French, and Latour was once more deprived of his property and possessions.

Acadia was in 1657 ceded to France by the Treaty of Breda, but no settlement of importance was made until the year 1749, when a fort was built at the

mouth of the Nerepis River, about ten miles from the city of St. John.

In 1745 the French were again driven out by the English, and in 1758 a garrison was established at St. John, under the command of Colonel Moncton. The first English settlers came to New Brunswick in 1764, but no permanent settlement was made until 1783, when the Royalists arrived and founded the present city of St. John, which was created a town by Royal Charter two years afterwards.

Its pleasant situation; its excellent harbour, open all the year round; the vast and varied resources of the territory around it, and its close proximity to the great Atlantic cities of the United States, soon attracted attention, and the city has since grown steadily, until now it has a population of nearly 30,000, and an extensive commerce, which is annually assuming larger proportions.

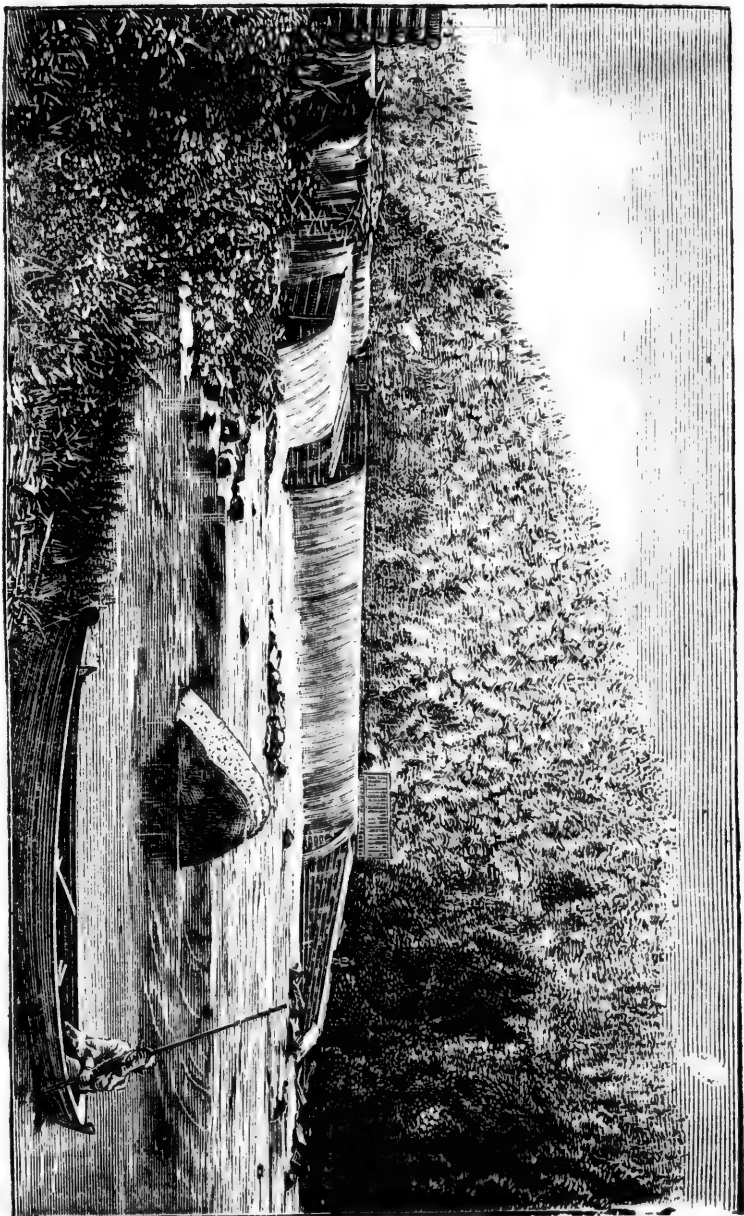
St. John, the "Liverpool of America," as it has been appropriately called, is picturesquely situated at the mouth of the river of the same name. It is the first city in New Brunswick in population, wealth and commercial importance, and is fast becoming a formidable competitor with many of the principal towns on the Atlantic coast for the carrying trade of the world. The inhabitants entertain sanguine hopes of its one day becoming the chief seaport of Canada. The eastern side, or the city proper, is built on the sloping

sides of a rocky peninsula, formed by the river and harbour on the west side and Courtenay Bay on the east, and contains most of the public buildings and business houses; Carleton, on the west side, is also built on a declivity, and with its streets sloping from the heights in rear of the town down to the water's edge, its pretty churches and neat dwellings, its tall smoke pennoned chimnies marking the sites of mills and factories, add beauty and interest to the city of which it is an outgrowth and part. The valley of the St. John River forms the northern boundary of the city, and beyond this valley, running due east and west, and overlooking St. John, Portland Heights are to be seen, dotted here and there on the right with the castellated residences of the wealthy classes; to the left of the city stands Portland, another suburb, but not yet incorporated therein. The position of the

#### HARBOUR OF ST. JOHN,

at the mouth of a river, which, together with its tributaries, has an almost uninterrupted navigable length for steamers of over 800 miles, and a further navigable length for boats and canoes of about 1,000 miles, and its entire freedom from obstruction from ice, gives it great advantage over all the northern ports of the continent, and more than compensates for its drawbacks. Its entrance, about two miles south of the city, is protected by Partridge Island, on which are a

quarantine hospital; a battery, the guns of which are of the Queen Anne or some other ancient and useless pattern; a lighthouse, one of the finest in America, with the lantern 166 feet above the level of the sea, and a steam whistle, which is sounded at intervals of ten minutes during the prevalence of fogs, and which can be heard at a distance of from four to eight miles. The passage west of the island has in it ten feet of water, that to the east sixteen feet, and abreast of the city there are from eight to twenty-two fathoms; both sides of the entrance are composed of sharp rocks which become dry at low water. About three quarters of a mile north of the lighthouse is a vertical beacon fixed on the edge of a rocky ledge, which forms the west side of the channel, and has deep water close to it. On the east side of the channel, below the town, a break-water has been constructed to intercept the violence of the waves occasioned by southerly gales. The entrance of the River St. John into the harbour, about one and-a-half miles above the city, is through a rocky gorge, ninety yards wide and 400 yards long, occasioning very remarkable flats. The ordinary rise of the tide in the harbour is twenty-one feet; at the Vernal Equinox it rises twenty-five feet. At low tide the waters of the river are about twelve feet higher than those of the harbour; at high tide the waters of the harbour are five feet higher than those of the river, and hence the phenomenon of a falling



ON THE RIMOUSKI—See page 32.

outwards and inwards at every tide. Above the falls the tide seldom rises more than four feet. When the waters of the river and harbour are on a level, vessels can pass the falls, but this can only be effected during a period of fifteen or twenty minutes at each ebb and flow of the tide. At times of great freshets, occasioned by the sudden melting of the snow, the tides do not rise to the level of the river, and consequently it is not possible for vessels to ascend the falls. The depth of the fall is about seventeen feet. A magnificent suspension bridge, 640 feet in length, spans the rocky gorge, about 100 feet above low water. At this stage it may be as well to give a description of the

ST. JOHN RIVER,

which forms so prominent a part of the harbour. Its Indian name is *Looshtook*, signifying the "Long River." It is the principal river in the Province of New Brunswick, and rises, under the name of the South-west Branch, at the Metgermette Portage in the Highlands, which separate the State of Maine from Canada, near the source of the Connecticut. It flows due north-east to the junction of the St. Francis, in latitude  $47^{\circ} 10' N.$ , longitude  $68^{\circ} 54' W.$ , a distance of about 150 miles, which course about 100 miles, commencing at the influx of the North-west Branch, is known as the Wallastook River. Below the entrance to the St. Francis the St. John flows in an

irregular E. S. E. course to the Grand Falls, in latitude  $47^{\circ} 5' N.$ , longitude  $67^{\circ} 45' W.$ , where the river has a perpendicular descent of seventy or eighty feet, abounding in picturesque scenery; thence its direction is nearly south to about latitude  $46^{\circ} N.$ , where it bends suddenly east, and flows in this general direction for about 100 miles to the entrance of the outlet to Grand Lake, below which the river flows in a broad channel due S. S. W. Its entire length is estimated at 450 miles. To the Grand Falls, 225 miles from the sea, its course is wholly within the Province of New Brunswick. From a point about three miles above the Falls, where the eastern boundary of Maine intersects the St. John, to the entrance of the St. Francis, a distance of seventy-five miles, the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick is found in the middle channel or deepest part of the river. From the mouth of the St. Francis to about latitude  $46^{\circ} 25' N.$ , longitude  $70^{\circ} 4' W.$ , a distance of 112 miles, the river has its course wholly in Maine; but, from the last mentioned point to the monument at the source of the river on the Metgermette Portage, a distance of about thirty-eight miles, the right bank only is in the Province of Quebec. The principal tributaries of the St. John are the Oromocto, Aroostook and Alagash from the west, and the Kennebaccasis, Washademoak, Salmon, Nashwaak, Tobique, Madawaska and St. Francis from the east. Vessels



of 120 tons ascend the St. John to Fredericton, eighty miles from the Bay of Fundy. Small steamers ply to Woodstock, seventy-five miles further up, and occasionally make trips to the Grand Falls. Above the Grand Falls the river has been navigated by a steamer forty miles to the mouth of the Madawaska, and from this point boats and canoes ascend almost to its sources. It is estimated that the St. John and its tributaries afford 1,300 miles of navigable waters. The area drained is computed at 17,000,000 acres, of which 9,000,000 are in New Brunswick, 2,000,000 in Quebec, and 6,000,000 in Maine. A great portion of this is occupied by dense forests of pine, haemetac, and other timber, of which vast quantities are annually rafted down the river. The valley of the St. John is remarkable for its fertility and picturesque beauty. Returning to the harbour,

PARTRIDGE ISLAND,

as has been already stated, stands as its guide and guard at its entrance. It is circular in shape, rising with precipitous rocky banks, to a height of about seventy or eighty feet above low water, and contains about 100 acres of land. To the left of the island, and about a mile distant,

NEGROTOWN POINT,

a high bluff, overlooking and commanding the western entrance to the harbour, looms up. Some years

ago we were informed that a battery was erected on this point, but the guns, if ever placed in position, have been removed, and the "fortification" is rapidly becoming delapidated. Between Partridge Island and the city, at the lower extremity of a reef of rocks, is a beacon light, to which allusion has already been made. It is of great service to vessels entering the harbour during stormy weather. The

#### WHARF ACCOMMODATION

has been greatly improved and enlarged within the past few years, but there is still plenty of room for further improvements and extension. The substitution of stone—which is so plentiful in the neighbourhood—for timber, in the construction of the wharves, would greatly improve the appearance.

#### TOPOGRAPHY.

The city is artistically and architecturally a success. The turtle-shell contour of its site adds much to its picturesqueness, and when approached from the sea it has a very imposing appearance. The whole of the elevated portion of the city consists of solid rock, which, for the purpose of forming tolerable streets, has had, in many places, to be excavated to a depth of thirty and forty feet. Within the past few years the sidewalks have been greatly improved, and the system of drainage has been brought as near perfection as it is possible to attain, the elevated character

of the city rendering this possible, although at great expense, nearly all the excavations having had to be made through rock. The streets to the south of Union Street cross each other at right angles, but those to the north of that street are irregularly laid out, owing to the uneven character of that portion of the city. The buildings are chiefly of brick and stone, and many of the public edifices have an elegant appearance. The principal business thoroughfares are King, Prince William, Water, Dock and Charlotte Streets; but the trade of the city is increasing so rapidly that many streets which, but a few years ago, were occupied exclusively by private residences, are being fast converted into "busy marts of trade."

#### KING STREET.

This is the Broadway of St. John. It extends from the St. John River, on the west, to Courtenay Bay, on the east side of the city. At its foot is the

#### MARKET SLIP.

This is the principal rendezvous of the vessels loaded with produce, fish, and cordwood, intended for sale in the city, and at times presents a very busy and excited scene. The wharves on either side of the slip, called respectively North and South wharves, are the scenes of lively competition between the verdant "blue noses" and their oily, but not more cunning city

brethren. A large amount of the heavy business of St. John is transacted in the region of those wharves, and the aroma peculiar to them, although by no means agreeable to strangers, seem to have a healthy effect upon the people doing business there. At the head of the slip is

MARKET SQUARE,

a rendezvous for all the unemployed truck and hand-cart men, wood sawyers, coal heavers, and "odd job men" of the city. At the lower end of the square is the spot remarkable in the history of the city, and endeared to such of its inhabitants as feel an interest in old associations, where the loyalist founders of St. John landed on the 18th of May, 1783. Water and Prince William streets enter the square on the right — the latter forming its eastern boundary—and Dock on the left or north side. The handsome stores fronting on the northern and eastern sides of the Square are occupied by some of the most substantial firms carrying on business in the city. The Western Union Telegraph Company's Office stands on the northern corner of King street. The building of the Maritime Bank adjoins the Telegraph Office; it is four storeys high, with a grey freestone front, granite basement, and mansard roof. The Bank of Montreal has its offices in this building, also the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Board of Trade. The

Police Office is also in this neighbourhood, and during the Session of the Court should be visited by every stranger who desires to obtain a proper conception of the morals of the city. A little higher up Prince William street, on the opposite side, is a fine four-storey granite building, occupied by the Bank of British North America.

#### KING'S SQUARE.

Proceeding up King street we catch sight of a grim sentry-like structure frowning down upon us from the height above. Having climbed a rather stiff incline, we stand before the Bell Tower, which was erected, we understand, as a triumphal arch in honour of Prince Arthur's visit to St. John in 1869. This arch, which can hardly be said to be an ornament, serves as an entrance to the Square and a support for a fire alarm bell. Passing through it we enter the Square, a beautiful plot of land containing about three acres, and covered with large shade trees, the most of which were planted in 1860, at the time the Prince of Wales visited the city. In the centre of the Square, towards which all the walks converge, and surrounded by an iron railing, is a very pretty fountain, which, however, the eye and attention might be made much more attractive. This Square is not apparently so well kept as it might be. On the eastern and northern side, especially the latter,

there are some very fine buildings, stores, hotels, &c.: on the eastern side is the Court House, an old-fashioned unpretending stone building, which contains, besides the various jury rooms, judges and barristers' rooms, the Supreme and County Court room, the City Court room, and the Common Council chamber. In rear of the Court House and fronting on King street, are the Dead House, the Record Offices and the County Jail. On the same side of the square as the Court House, but on the opposite side of King Street, is the

#### OLD BURYING GROUND,

a most delightful retreat from the dust and strife of the busy streets and a constant reminder of the vanity of all earthly things. Surrounded by sweet smelling flowers and underneath the sheltering trees, the visitor can pass many hours of quiet enjoyment here, either in wandering about deciphering the quaint epitaphs on the moss-covered tombstones, or reclining on one of the benches about the paths. This enclosure is kept in very good order by the superintendent, and contains much of interest for the antiquarian, and of beauty for those who live in the present. Having purchased a small bouquet to carry with us as a memento of our visit, we pass out by the gate on the Carmarthen side and return to King street, on the corner of which, and standing sentry over the graves of some

of the earlier settlers, stands St. John Church (Presbyterian) a small wooden structure, thoroughly in keeping with its surroundings. Strolling up King street; crossing Wentworth, Pitt and Crown streets, we notice evidences of the labour involved in making the streets passable in the precipitous rocky walls towering in some places thirty or forty feet above the sidewalks. A few minutes' walk will bring us to the eastern end of King street, where a magnificent view opens up before us. Stretching out some two hundred feet below the bluff upon which we stand are the waters of

COURTENAY BAY,

unruffled save by a gentle swell, which, as it plashes against the rocks below, conveys to our ears the murmur of some long-forgotten song. Stretching away to the northward and eastward from the head of the bay is the marsh, with Portland Heights, verdure-clad and sombre, in the background. Turning towards the head of the bay, we observe numerous vessels in different stages of completion in the dockyards, while around the base of the hill on which we stand, and glistening away up the marsh, are to be seen the rails of the Intercolonial Railway, the connecting link between the Maritime and Interior provinces of the Dominion. On the opposite side of the bay, the sloping banks dotted with neat farmhouses and other buildings, and the fields of waving grain, have a beauty

and charm all their own. Two buildings opposite us attract considerable attention by their size; these are used as the compulsory residence of some of our fellow-creatures. At different times proposals have been submitted to construct a bridge across the bay, but hitherto no action has been taken in the matter. It is said that the difficulties to be contended with are not very great, and might easily be overcome, the sandy bottom of the bay being free from water when the tide is out, except for a short distance in the centre, through which the marsh stream finds its way. Should the bay be ever crossed by a bridge, a second Carleton or Portland would instantly spring up on the opposite side.

Continuing our tour of observation, we leave this beautiful spot with the picturesque prospect stretching out before us, and retrace our steps to Pitt Street, turning down which, after crossing Leinster, Princess, Orange, Duke, Mecklenburg and Queen streets, we arrive at St. James Street, near the corner of which is

WIGGINS' PROTESTANT ORPHAN ASYLUM,

a beautiful red and grey freestone and granite structure, three storeys high, built in the Gothic style of architecture, and in beauty of design and execution surpassed by few public buildings in the Province. It is a lasting monument to the generosity and kindly spirit of its founder, the late Stephen Wiggins, Esq.,



a former resident of St. John; but those entrusted with its erection and the disposal of the fund set apart for the purpose, seem to have had in view more the establishment of an edifice with a beautiful exterior rather than the providing of accommodation for the Protestant orphans of the city, which its generous founder contemplated. The building, although it cost upwards of \$100,000, has accommodation for but thirty or thirty-five inmates, besides the necessary officers. The

#### MARINE HOSPITAL

stands nearly opposite the Asylum. It is a wooden edifice, with nothing particularly striking in its appearance, but the surroundings are tastefully laid out, and the "sick toilers of the sea" are treated with every kindness by the managers. A short distance to the west of this, on the corner of St. James and Carmarthen Streets, are the

#### GAS WORKS,

from which radiate, in all directions throughout the city, about forty-five miles of pipe. The Company owning the works was organized in 1845, and the erection of the buildings, &c., was pushed forward so vigorously that in September of the same year they were enabled to supply some portions of the city with gas. Immediately to the north of Car-

marthen, and running to the left from it, is St. Andrews or Harding Street. A short walk along this street brings us to

QUEEN'S SQUARE,

which, like its royal consort, King's Square, is situated between Charlotte and Sydney Streets. This beautiful piece of land, which might be made, at little expense, an ornament to the city, is sadly neglected, and bears the marks of vandal hands and feet. In the centre of the square is a band-stand, erected for the use of the regimental bands in those days when St. John was a garrisoned town. Here the *elite* of the city were wont to gather, to listen to the spirited music of the bands, and chat with the red-coated gentry. The square is encircled by some very fine residences.

Proceeding on our way up Queen Street, we soon arrive at

GERMAIN STREET.

At its corner we observe a neat brick church belonging to the Baptists, bearing many fiery scars on its sides and front. On the corner of Duke and Germain Streets stands the Victoria Hotel, the finest house in the Dominion, and near it, fronting on Duke Street, is the Victoria School, the newest of St. John's many educational institutions. It is a four-storey building of brick, with a freestone front and

granite pillars, and can accommodate 850 children. The building is fitted up with every appliance necessary for the comfort of the pupils, and calculated to assist them in the prosecution of their studies. The children are classified according to their advancement; the youngest being on the first floor, and gradually ascending according to their progress, to the fourth flat, which is occupied by the most advanced. A visit to the institution should be made while in this vicinity. The Principal, Mr. John Harper, is always ready to show strangers through the building, explain to them the manner in which things are managed in connection with it, and also give them an opportunity of witnessing the progress of the children entrusted to his care. The writer was particularly struck by the intellectual abilities of the pupils attending the institution; the perfect order which was observed in every department, and the excellent arrangements for emptying the building in case of fire or other accident. It may not be out of place to state here the case of a young girl named Ida Rutherford—under ten years of age—who was a pupil in the Victoria School on the occasion of the writer's visit, and who displayed for her age most remarkable efficiency in the different subjects she studied. She read Latin as easily as English, and not only that, but thoroughly understood what she read, and gave beautiful translations of several difficult passages. In the English branches,

arithmetic and even in mathematics, she exhibited wonderful proficiency. Elocution, however, was her *forte*; she recited a few verses of "Edinburgh after Flodden" with a dramatic force, earnestness and intensity of feeling which could hardly be surpassed by a "professional." She is certainly a "prodigy" in her way, and, if spared, will doubtless make her mark in the world. But to return to St. Germain Street, the lot adjoining the Victoria Hotel is occupied by St. Andrew's Church (Presbyterian), and although a pretty good sized building, appears rather small and insignificant beside the "Victoria." The pulpit of this Church was for many years occupied by Dr. Burns, and that venerable divine, when on his death bed at Edinburgh he was told by a friend from St. John of the improvements which had been made on Germain Street since his departure, exclaimed, "Dear me, St. Andrew's Church, which once towered far above all the other buildings on that street, now itself overshadowed by a mammoth tavern!" On the northern side of Horsefield Street is the oldest Methodist Church in the city. It was built in 1805, and bears on its outside the character of bye-gone days, although many alterations have been made upon it since then. The Academy of Music stands nearly opposite; it is one of the finest building of the kind in the Dominion, having a seating capacity of two thousand. It is entirely of brick, cost \$60,000, and was opened to the

public in the summer of 1872. Proceeding up Germain, the first street we reach is Princess, after crossing which the first object which attracts attention is

TRINITY CHURCH,

a very imposing wooden structure, built in 1790, and belonging to the Episcopal denomination. The Royal Arms which hang on the walls of this church have a very interesting history. In September, 1776, "Trinity Church," New York, with nearly one-third of the city, was burned to the ground. Everything in the church, except the Royal Arms, was destroyed; these were saved and brought to St. John by the Loyalists in 1783, and placed in a small house on Germain Street, between Queen and Duke Streets, which was used by them as a place of worship previous to the erection of Trinity Church. On the opening of the latter, the Arms were removed and hung on one of its walls, where they will very likely remain as long as the church is in existence. In rear of the church, and fronting on Charlotte Street, is a large school-house, built somewhat in a similar style. Continuing along Germain, we arrive at King Street once more, and crossing it and proceeding up the hill, we reach the Country Market, one of the finest buildings of the kind in the Dominion. It was opened this summer, and is certainly an honour to St. John. The next street we arrive at is Union, which unites the regularly and

irregularly laid out portions of the city, and probably from this derives its name. The portion of Germain Street lying to the north of Union is known by the name of Wellington Street, but what its illustrious namesake ever had to do with it would be difficult to tell. At the upper end of it, however, there are several buildings worthy of being visited. First, on account of its aged appearance, comes St. John, or "Stone Church," as it is familiarly called, with its Sabbath-school-house, also of stone, adjoining. The building is a plain, unpretending-looking one, and belongs to the Church of England. It was erected in 1824, but is not the worse of its handling by old Father Time. The Mechanics' Institute comes next in order. It is a large wooden structure, erected in 1840 at a cost of \$26,100. The large hall has a seating capacity of about 1,500, and, prior to the opening of the Academy of Music, was a favourite place of amusement, all the public meetings, exhibitions, concerts, &c., being conducted in it. In addition to the hall, the Institute contains a library with about 7,000 volumes; a reading-room supplied with all the leading home and foreign periodicals, and a museum with many objects of interest. Calvin Church, belonging, as its name indicates, to the Presbyterian denomination, stands on the opposite side of the street. It was built and is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. The seats are free. Returning to Union

Street and crossing the terminus of Dorchester Street, we arrive at Charlotte Street, near the corner of which, toward King's Square, is the hall of the

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

a fine three-storey brick building with a granite front. It was erected in 1872 at a cost of \$38,000. The lower flat is fitted up as stores; the second flat contains the parlour, reading and class rooms, all of which are comfortably furnished; and the upper flat is taken up by the hall, which runs the full length of the building, eighty by fifty feet, and has a seating capacity of 800. The basement is occupied by the gymnasium, bath rooms and heating apparatus. The library, reading room and parlour are open daily, Sundays excepted, from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Returning along Charlotte Street to King Street, the second street we come to is Canterbury, on which is the old Post Office and Richie's Building, where a large number of the St. John lawyers have their offices. Many of the Masonic lodges also meet in this block. The civic offices are situated on the south-eastern corner of Princess and Prince William Streets, and, on the opposite corner, extending back to Water Street, along Princess, is the

NEW POST OFFICE,

undoubtedly one of the finest structures of the kind in the Maritime Provinces. It is ninety feet long by

fifty wide, and is three storeys above Prince William Street and four above Water Street. It is entirely built of grey sandstone, except the columns in front, which are of polished red granite, the whole being obtained from the New Brunswick quarries. It is surmounted by a clock tower, which rises to an altitude of 100 feet above Prince William, and 130 feet above Water Street. This building, which is an ornament to the city, cost about \$130,000. Adjoining the Post Office, on Prince William Street, is the building of the Bank of New Brunswick, and further down the street is the

#### CUSTOM HOUSE,

a large three-storey granite structure, 250 feet long by ninety-two in width. It was built in 1842 at a cost of \$120,000, and contains the offices of the Customs, Inland Revenue, and Marine and Fisheries Departments, and several other offices. There is a repeating signal station on the roof; the different signals given on Partridge Island of "Vessels in sight," "Pilot wanted," &c., are repeated here. There is also a storm signal station. Despatches regarding the weather are received here from points down the Bay of Fundy and from Washington, and if a storm is approaching a signal is hoisted on the flagstaff to warn those interested. A very fine view of the harbour and surrounding country is obtained from the roof of the



Custom House. As we stroll along, the next point of interest we reach is

REED'S POINT,

where are the wharves of the International Steamship Company, which run steamers between St. John and Boston, calling at Eastport; the Union Line, running to Digby and Annapolis; the Empress Line, running to St. George, St. Andrews and St. Stephen, N.B., and to Windsor, N.S. The Boston, Yarmouth and St. John Line, and the Anchor Line of Transatlantic steamers have also their wharves here. The wharf furthest down the harbour is Ballast Wharf or Breakwater. This is to be the deep-water terminus of the Intercolonial Railway, as soon as the extension around Courtenay Bay from the Marsh Bridge is completed.

A trip through the

VALLEY

which is situated between the city and Portland will amply repay the visitor for his trouble. Starting from King's Square we go up Charlotte Street, crossing Union, along Cobourg—a continuation of Charlotte to Garden, sometimes called Jeffries Hill—down which we turn, crossing Hazen Street on our way, and at the foot of the hill is a bridge spanning the railway, to the left of which is the depot—a long wooden



GRAND METIS FALLS.—See page 50.

structure with a tower at one end. On our way we pass St. Stephen's Church, the New Brunswick Cotton Mills, St. Paul's Church and Zion Church. At the last mentioned we turn to the right, and, as we climb up the winding road we catch enchanting glimpses of hill and valley, resplendent in their coat of green, of houses half-hidden in foliage, and rocks moss-covered and grey. Half way up the hill we halt to breathe the fresh, pure atmosphere which surrounds us, and take a look at the beautiful panorama which stretches out before us, full of life and animation. The Marsh and a portion of Courtenay Bay, with the open country beyond, is seen on the left; parts of the harbour and Carleton Heights are visible on the right, while directly opposite stands the city, with many prominent objects in view. First comes the General Hospital—a three-storey brick structure with freestone facings and granite basement, occupying a commanding position on a ridge of elevated ground between Waterloo Street and the City Road. Visiting permits can be obtained from the resident physician of the institution. The building was erected by the Corporation at a cost of \$54,000. It has accommodation for eighty patients, but it is contemplated to add another wing when the requirements of the city render it necessary, and then its capacity would be doubled. To the right of the Hospital the cross-surmounted spire of the Roman Catholic Cathedral glitters in the

sunlight. This building is 200 feet long by 110 feet in its extreme width, and cost \$100,000. A nunnery stands to the left of the church, and on the left is the Bishop's Palace—a handsome stone structure; adjoining it is the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, under the management of the ladies belonging to the nunnery. It is a neat brick building, with that air of cleanliness and comfort about it which is so characteristic of all the charitable institutions connected with the Roman Catholic Church. From seventy to eighty children are in the asylum continually.

Mount Pleasant Avenue, through which we are now travelling, is lined with magnificent residences and beautiful gardens; each turn in the road discloses something seemingly more attractive than anything we have passed. Sometimes it is a cluster of trees, sharply defined against the blue background; and anon a ruined archway, with a glimpse of woodland pathway beyond. A few minutes' walk will bring us to Lily Lake—a small but beautiful sheet of water nestling beneath high overhanging walls of forest-clad rock. The "first skate of the season" is usually had on the lake, and early in the winter it presents a lively scene. It is proposed to build a park around the shores of Lily Lake—a proposition which, if carried out, would materially add to the beauty of the place, and enhance the pleasure to be derived from a visit to this already charming resort.

Returning to the city by Wright and Stanley Streets and City Road, we pass the Skating Rink, situated on City Road, almost in rear of the Hospital. It is a wooden building, circular in shape and 160 feet in diameter. It was built in 1865, at a cost of \$13,666, and is one of the finest rinks on the Continent. The managers are very courteous and obliging to strangers, and passes, "good for a week," which will entitle the holders to the privilege of skating, can be obtained by applying to any of the Directors or to the Secretary of the Company.

Having now introduced the reader to the principal buildings, &c., which can be reached by a slight exercise of pedestrian powers, if he wishes to continue his tour of observation the best plan will be to give up walking and hire a carriage. The hackney coach fares for conveying one passenger from any one point to another within the limits is 30 cents; for every additional passenger 10c. extra is charged. Hiring coaches by the hour 50c. will be charged for less than half an hour, and for every additional hour after the first, 50c. If required to cross the ferry to Carleton, the ferriage, both going and returning, for passengers, carriage and horses, must be paid. The rates of ferriage for double carriages, for conveying passengers, including horse and driver, is 15c.; single carriage, 9c.; each passenger on foot or in carriage, 3c.; passengers by railway free.

## DRIVES.

Leaving the city and following the line of the street railway up and along Dock Street, we soon arrive at Portland. The connection between it and the city is so very close that it is difficult to tell where the one begins and the other ends. The streets are somewhat irregular. The principal one is Main Street, which is always a scene of considerable bustle and activity. There are some very fine stores on this street; indeed, several of them compare very favorably with those of St. John. The most interesting buildings in the place are the Police Station and St. Luke's Church.

A drive of about a mile down Bridge Road, during which we catch glimpses of some beautiful bits of scenery, brings us to the

## SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

which spans the rocky gorge, 640 feet in width, through which the St. John River finds its way to the ocean. The bridge is a "wire suspension," hung on ten cables, five on each side, each cable being composed of 300 strands of No. 10 wire, or 3,000 strands in all, having an absolute tensile strength of 1,125 tons. The combined length of the strands is about 570 miles. The cables are supported by four towers of solid masonry, 53 feet high, 15 feet square at the base, tapering off to seven feet at the top. This

bridge was built in 1852, and cost \$80,000. Its height above low water is 100 feet, and above high water, seventy-two feet.

#### THE FALLS

at the mouth of the St. John River are not "Falls" in the ordinary interpretation of the term; they result from the narrow and shallow outlet through which the tide, which rises with great rapidity, and to an altitude of twenty-eight feet, has to pass. The outlet is not sufficiently broad or deep to admit the tidal waters with their rise, hence a fall inwards is produced during the flow; at the ebb the tide recedes faster than the outlet of the river can admit of the escape of the waters within the inner basin, and hence a fall outwards. The best time to view the "Falls" is at low or ebb tide.

At high tide the "Falls" present a calm and silent appearance.

"Yet wild waters, thou hast calm hours,  
Vanished seems thy dreaded power;  
Silent and still as if asleep,  
No ripple on thy angry deep."

About a mile above the bridge, on the eastern side of the river, is Indiantown, a flourishing suburb of the town of Portland. It contains several large mills and factories, and is the landing place of the St. John, Grand Lake, Salmon River, and Kennebecasis steamers. A steam ferry connects Indiantown with Point

Pleasant, on the opposite side of the river. On the same side, a little above the Point, Green Head, a bold rocky point jutting out into the river, may be seen. When viewed from the upper side, the Point resembles a boar's head. A short distance above the bridge, on the western side of the river, is Fairville, which was formerly the terminus of the European and North American Railway. It contains a number of beautiful residences, several stores, and other buildings.

#### THE LUNATIC ASYLUM

stands on an elevated piece of land at the western end of the bridge. The main building is 300 feet long with three wings, one at each end, 150 feet long, and one from the centre, 130 feet in length. The surrounding grounds are tastefully laid out, and, together with seventy-five acres of farm land belonging to the institution, are worked by the inmates, the average number of whom is 200. The building was erected by the Provincial Government in 1848, and from whichever side it is approached presents a fine appearance. A drive of seven or eight miles out the Manawagonish road, through Fairville, brings us to

#### SPRUCE LAKE,

a magnificent sheet of water five miles long. Its waters teem with fish of every description. Trout are neither plentiful nor large, but silver bass are to be



had in unlimited quantities. A two-storey log house at the upper end of the lake affords comfortable quarters for fishers. Good boats and all necessary information regarding the lake can be obtained either at Theal's or Madden's. The pipes which supply the people of

#### CARLETON

with water run from the lower end of the Lake. The Martello Tower crowns the Carleton heights, and from this point a charming view of the city and its surroundings is obtained. At our feet lies Carleton, with its pretty churches and handsome dwellings shadowed by the great hill upon which we stand; beyond, across the harbour, bathed in the evening sunlight, is the city with its thousands of happy homes; beyond it, and extending away to the right, are the everlasting hills, clad in their coat of green. The atmosphere here is very cool, especially at the approach of night, when the chilly, foggy air comes in from the sea. Driving slowly down the hill we arrive at the present terminus of the European and North American Railway, at the foot of Rodney street. Previous to 1872, passengers left the cars at Fairville and drove to the city in coaches, crossing the Suspension bridge, but in that year the line was opened through to Carleton, thus saving passengers an immense amount of trouble. At Carleton we get on board the ferry boat and soon reach the city side of the harbour. The ticket office

of the Railway is at the corner of Princess and Water Streets. Another magnificent drive is that to the

#### RURAL CEMETERY,

which can be reached by driving along Charlotte, Union and Waterloo or Brussels Streets to the Marsh Bridge, and out the Marsh Road. A more enchanting spot than this, or a locality better suited for a cemetery, it would be difficult to conceive of. The natural forest growth has been preserved as much as possible while laying out the grounds, and nature and art combined, render the place one of great beauty. Several hours may be spent wandering about the intricate pathways and avenues, and yet, after all, you may go away without seeing the whole. It is open to the public daily, Sundays excepted.

A mile and a half further on is Moosepath Trotting Park. The course is circular, one-half mile in circumference. Following the left hand road, after a few minute's drive we arrive at Lawlor's Lake, a picturesque sheet of water on the Intercolonial. A mile or two further on we arrive at the Kennebaccasis—the aquatic racing ground of New Brunswick. Rothsay, a short distance beyond, on the route of the railway, is a favourite resort for pic-nickers. Here many of the business men of the city have delightful summer residences.

Another delightful drive is that down the bay shore

## TO MISPECK.

On this road the first object which attracts our attention is the Penitentiary, a massive granite structure, 120 feet long by 45 feet wide. The prison grounds are eighteen acres in extent, and are enclosed by a high stake-fence. There are a number of workshops within the enclosure, in which the convicts are employed. The clothing worn by the prisoners is manufactured in the Penitentiary. A short distance further on is the Poor House, the last resort of those who have fared badly in the battle of life. Both institutions are worthy of a visit. After a drive of some eight miles further — sometimes through a rich farming country, and again amid the wildest and most rugged scenery imaginable—now along the sea beach, with the waves rolling almost up to our horses' feet, and anon perched hundreds of feet above the water—we arrive at Mispeck, the surroundings of which would drive a painter mad with delight, and cause common-place, matter-of-fact people, to become sentimental. The woollen mill, saw mill, dams, sluices, falls, rocks, hills and houses combine to form a picture whose equal it would be difficult to find anywhere. Very good trout fishing may be had in the stream and in the lake in which it rises, and cod and haddock fishing in the bay. About three miles further along this road a pot of treasure, supposed to have been deposited by Kidd, the Banker pirate, was found some years ago.

Along the

LOCH LOMOND ROAD

we obtain some glimpses of very fine specimens of New Brunswick scenery. Starting from the Marsh Bridge we follow the right hand road passing to Mispeck. About two miles out, the Roman Catholic Cemetery will attract your attention, and a mile further on Silver Falls, a beautiful cascade on the Little River. A short distance beyond this fall is a bye-path leading to Long Lake, distant about 200 yards. Boats can be hired at the Lake from Mr. Harrigan, who will also give full information regarding the best fishing grounds, &c. This is a sure fishing ground; the fish are of good size, averaging one-half pound each. About a mile beyond this we obtain a view of Little River, which more resembles a lake than a river, having been converted into a reservoir for supplying the city with water. Driving on for some distance we observe nothing worthy of particular mention until we reach

LOCH LOMOND.

There is splendid hotel accommodation at the lake and in its neighbourhood. At its foot stands Bunker's Hotel, and three and a-half miles away "Lake House," at both of which boats, fishing-tackle &c., can be obtained. The proprietor of the "Lake House," Mr. Joseph Dalzell, is thoroughly posted on all matters concerning fishing and shooting, and he is

always indefatigable in his endeavours to give strangers every facility for enjoying themselves while in the locality. In the Loch Lomond chain there are three lakes. The first, or lower lake, is four miles long and one and a-half miles wide. The fish in this lake are larger than those in the others, and are of two species, the red and the white—the latter appears to be peculiar to these lakes, and vary in weight from a quarter to ten pounds. The best fishing ground is on Land's Bar, across the head of the lake. Another favourite spot is at the mouth of Dead Brook, about half-way up on the left side.

The first and second lakes are connected by Fishing Creek, one quarter of a mile long. This lake is a mile and three-quarters long, by one quarter of a mile wide. The fish are the same as in the first lake. The best spot is off the mouth of James Brook, about mid-way up on the right side. A stream about 300 yards long connects the second and third lakes. The latter is one mile long and about a fifth of a mile in width. There is no white trout in this lake, and the fish, although plentiful, are of small size.

In the neighbourhood of these lakes there are a great many smaller ones teeming with fish, the principal being Ben Lomond, Henry's, Traccey's and Mount Theobald. The last-mentioned, owing to its great distance from town, is but little disturbed, and splendid sport can be had, as the fish are plentiful and very

lively. About four miles from Tracey's Lake is the village of St. Martins, or Quaco, as it is usually called. This is one of the principal shipbuilding places in the Province. It is situated on a bay of the same name, which, from its beauty, has received the title of "Bay of Naples." In the vicinity of nearly all these lakes woodcock, partridge, snipe and duck are plentiful, and geese pay an occasional visit.

The drive from the city to

#### HOWE'S LAKE

is also very pleasant. This beautiful sheet of water is situated about four miles from town, across the valley. The "Highland Park Company" have secured 500 acres of land around the lake, one hundred acres of which are set apart for a public park. There are four lakes upon the property, which, together with the hilly character of the land, renders the task of beautifying nature a simple one. The place is yearly becoming more and more attractive, and is destined before long to become a favourite resort for pleasure-seekers.



## CHAPTER IX.

### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

A guide-book of the Intercolonial Railway would not be complete without some description of Prince Edward Island.

This charming Island is nearly 200 miles long, and is separated from the mainland by the Straits of Northumberland, only nine miles wide between Cape Tormentine on the New Brunswick coast, and Cape Traverse on the Island.

The Island is easily reached. A steamer runs daily between Summerside and Point-du-Chene each way, in connection with the Intercolonial Railway and the railway on the Island. The steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers, and are first-class boats in all respects. The journey by water occupies between four and five hours, and in the summer months is a delightful trip.

At Summerside a very good hotel exists, called the "Island Park House," where excellent accommodation can be had. It is placed on a beautiful island of about 200 acres, surrounded by salt water, and with excellent bathing and fishing. A steam ferry runs hourly between the Island and Summerside.

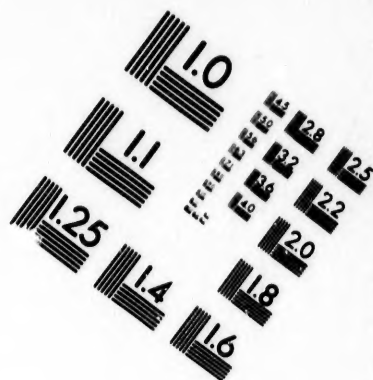
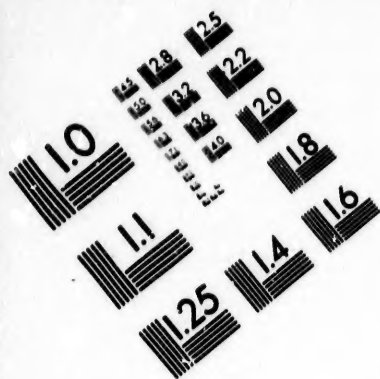
From Summerside a line of railway runs to Tignish, at the extreme western end of the Island, a distance of about seventy miles. At Tignish are large fishing establishments, where large fleets of vessels are employed in mackerel fishing. No better sport can be had than to spend a day in one of these vessels, catching mackerel in almost endless numbers. The fish-curing establishments are also well worth a visit,\* and the scene along the coast during the mackerel season is most enjoyable. At Alberton, another point on the line of railway, are also large fishing establishments. Here, also, and indeed all over the Island, shipbuilding is very extensively carried on, there never being less than 100 vessels building in the different yards, some of them being of 1,000 tons measurement.

From Summerside the railway also runs to Charlottetown, the capital of the Island, the distance being fifty miles. Charlottetown has a population of about 10,000, and has many public buildings of considerable size and architectural beauty. The Parliament House contains the halls for the two branches of the Legislature, and all the Government offices.

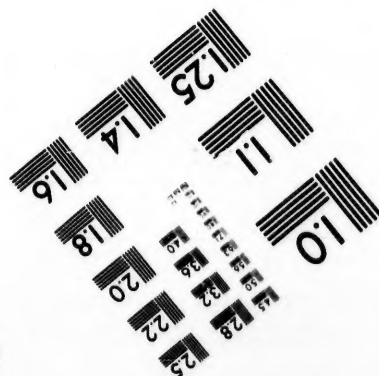
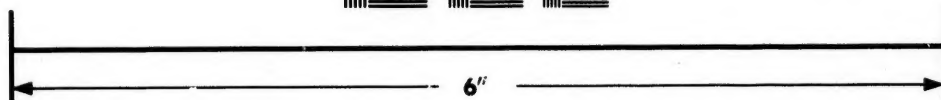
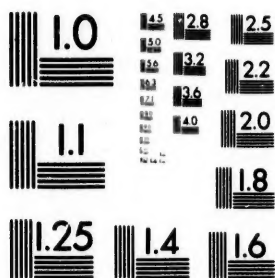
The House of Assembly consists of thirty-two members, and meets during the winter.

The journey between Summerside and Charlottetown occupies about three hours, and the railway runs through a highly cultivated and charming country.





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The crops mainly consist of oats, potatoes, buckwheat, &c., but little wheat being grown. The farmhouses and buildings are generally substantial and comfortable, giving evidence of a thriving and improving agricultural community. Large quantities of oats are annually exported to European markets by vessels going direct from the Island to English and French ports. There is also a considerable export of hay to the West Indies, and large quantities of oats, hay, eggs, fish and farm produce, are yearly sent to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and also to Boston.

From Charlottetown a steamer runs four times a week to and from Pictou, from whence express trains run on the Intercolonial railway to Halifax, making the journey from Charlottetown in about nine hours.

The population of the Island is about 100,000.

From Charlottetown the railway runs to Georgetown and Souris, the latter at the eastern extremity of the Island. The line passes through a pretty and generally well cultivated country, and crosses numerous rivers and arms of the sea, where excellent fishing is to be obtained. Sea trout, some weighing six pounds, are to be had in abundance, and in many of the smaller streams brook trout are very plentiful. The fishing all over the Island is excellent and diversified, and easily accessible. At Rustico and other points at the back of the Island there are several hotels with excellent accommodation, and where fine sandy beaches

offer every inducement to bathers who desire to take advantage of the rolling surf of the Atlantic, and of the sea breezes which are so delightful and refreshing in the hot months of summer.

Charlottetown is the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Island, and in its vicinity are many fine residences scattered along the different arms of the sea. There are several good hotels in Charlottetown, and a visit to the Island will prove most enjoyable, with its varied scenery, excellent sea bathing, cool breezes, and fishing of all descriptions.

